THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 21. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DONEGAL CASTLE.

The Historic Building in Which "Red Hugh" O'Donnell Once Feasted and Planned His Campaigns Reproduced at Mrs. Hart's Irish Village.

The London "Sun's" Comments—Art Treasures to be Exhibited—Cardinal Logue's Letter of Indorsement.

Mrs. Ernest Hart has received the following interesting letter from Thaddeus, the great Irish painter, in reply to one from her asking him to contribute to the collection of Irish art she was making to place in the banqueting hall of Donegal Castle in the Irish Village:

THE PAINTER'S PROMISE.

CAIRO, April 17.—*Dear Mrs. Hart:* Your letter concerning the Irish Village in the World's Fair only reached me a few days ago, a month after date. I regret extremely that so much time has been lost, as nothing would have made me happier than to have been useful to you in any way or anything connected with the dear old country. If there is yet time, and if you have the space at your disposal, I will get together a number of my best works and make a more attractive exhibition than even at the London one. I would use all my interests to get Gladstone from the Reform Club (although you know committees like companies have as a rule no souls), and the khedive from the queen, and the rest would include Pope Leo XIII, General of the Jesuits, Owen Lizst, G. A Sala, Lady Abington and a number of subject pictures. I had half an idea of going in the autumn to see the fair, but if you decide such an exhibition as I suggest would prove an attraction to our section I would willingly go and arrange it myself, and at the same time if I could be of any use to you, my services *con amore* would be entirely at your disposition. As there would be a lot to do and arrange in the event of my suggestion meeting with your approval I would ask you to kindly wire me yes on the receipt of this letter, and I will put the affair *en train* at once. If, on the contrary, it is not feasible things remain as before. I had the pleasure of receiving your letter. The only thing I would ask would be that the freight and insurance should be at my charge. Believe me, yours very truly. H. J. THADDEUS.

Lady Baker has also offered to send her great picture Evicted, to include among the exhibits of Irish art and of scenes of Irish life and history to be placed in the banqueting hall of Donegal Castle, making the same conditions. Mr. Bruce Joy, the Irish sculptor, is sending his colossal statue of Gladstone, a bust of Cullen Bryant and of Mary Anderson, a recumbent statue of Bishop Berkely, and a number of portrait medallions; the Irish artists, Miss Rose Barton, Miss O'Hara, Mr. McManness, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Miller, Miss Currey, Mr. Williams are sending contributions to the picture gallery, while a series of life size portraits of great Irishmen, done expressly for Mrs. Hart, by permission of the trustees of the British Museum for valuable prints in their possession, will help to make familiar the features of Grattan, Hood and Emmet.

IRELAND IN CHICAGO.

[*London Sunday Sun, April 16.*]

This picturesque village will include, in addition to a series of cottages, some fine architectural features, prominent among which are the St. Lawrence Gate at Drogheda (A.D. 1200), Donegal Castle with its ancient banqueting hall, the reproduction of a round tower, Celtic market cross, the Wishing Chair of the Giant's Causeway, with Ogham, Bullen and Hole stones. In addition to the textile and art products of her Irish workers, to which were awarded eleven international medals and diplomas during the last nine years, Mrs. Hart has, by the kindness of the trustees of the British Museum, the authorities of South Kensington, and many private collectors, been able to bring together a brilliant collection of Irish art, ancient and modern. Among these are a collection of reproductions of rare portraints, constituting a gallery of Irish worthies—Grattan, Flood, O'Connell, Burke, Sheridan and the leaders of the Irish people in literature, art, war and political life. A series of the fine reproductions by Elkington, of the Bell of St. Patrick and other specimens of the early gold work and jewelry of early times will be shown. The proprietors of the *Graphic* have lent the originals of M. Renouard's sketches of Irish life; Mr. Bruce Joy, the eminent Irish sculptor, sends his colossal statue of Gladstone, the memorial tomb of Bishop Berkeley, his Manchester bust of Mr. John Bright and other well known works; Mr. Walter Severn contributes a fine series of pictures of Irish scenery; Miss Rose Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Miss O'Hara, Mr. McGuinness and other leading Irish artists furnish specimens of their art; so that the banqueting hall will include specimens of the whole range of ancient and modern Irish art, as well as an ample illustration of the results of the nine years' devoted labor in the West of Ireland by which Mrs. Hart, with unstinted sacrifice of money, time and anxious labor, raised the standard of prosperity and developed the technical skill and earning power of the long-neglected peasantry of this wild and desolate part of Ireland, which had for a series of years been the scene of chronic distress, approaching often to destitution. Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Logue have written letters expressing their profound interest in the success of this enterprise, which has indeed the good wishes of all the friends of Ireland, of whatever party. Needless to say that it is one of pure philanthropy, aiming at the removal of the sources of poverty, and at securing a market in America for the products of a whole population, who by the foundation of a technical school and the establishment of a factory, have been trained to the production of homespun woolen cloths, embroideries, art linens, laces and wood carvings, which have secured the approbation of skilled judges throughout Europe, and which now seek the judgment and the approval of the American people.

THE CARDINAL'S LETTER.

ARA CŒLI, Armagh, Nov. 6.—*My Dear Mrs. Hart:* I am sorry I know no one personally in the cities you name to whom I could give you letters of introduction; but I think that, to all who take an interest in the welfare of the industrious poor, the noble work you have accomplished should be your best introduction. I can testify of my own knowledge that by your energy, skill and wonderful talent for organization, you have brought self-reliance, hope and comparative comfort to many a poor homestead in the congested districts of Donegal, where, without your self-sacrificing devotion the outlook would have been black indeed. When you commenced the work of establishing cottage industries I found it hard to believe that a frail and delicate lady, as you then were, could ever accomplish the task which you proposed to yourself, but I found by experience that your energy and perseverance were able to overcome obstacles which I feared were insurmountable. The splendid success you have achieved in directing the work of the people, training them to skilled labor and thus furnishing them with the means of living is, I may say again, the best claim you can have to the aid of all who can further your work. I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to this success, and you are quite welcome to use my testimony for what it is worth in furthering your benevolent efforts. I am, dear Mrs. Hart, yours faithfully,

MICHAEL LOGUE,
Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland.

ROOM FOR DISPUTE.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, May 18.—The Irish Village entertainment at Central Music Hall last Tuesday week, and the singing of the so-called "America" at its conclusion, brings up the old dispute about the origin of the air "God Save the Queen," which we want you to set at rest forever. Tom Moriarty contends that "America" is older than the former, and that the air was originally German. I contend that a preacher named Smith, in New England, who is still living, composed "America" and adopted the air of "God Save the Queen" because he is a Puritan and anxious to glorify old England; and that the so-called "America" should never be sung in any purely American audience, much less an Irish-American assemblage, even in deference to Lady Aberdeen. We get THE CITIZEN at our house, and Maurice Moriarty will be delighted to read your views in the answers to correspondents.

P. C.

Of Course You Read

The testimonials published in this paper relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They show beyond a doubt that HOOD'S CURES.

Constipation, and all troubles with the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills.

MONEY IN BUTTER.

More About Black Pepsin.

I have been so successful making butter with Black Pepsin that I can't refrain from writing about it. I used to make one hundred pounds a week from 12 cows. I now add one teaspoonful Black Pepsin to each gallon of cream, and make 230 pounds excellent butter each week. Some say that Pepsin butter is half cheese and urge that as an argument against it; of course the Black Pepsin does unite all the cheese that milk contains with the butter, but the butter looks, tastes, keeps and sells as well as any butter and is more healthful, and that is all the farmer wants. If we can double the yield of our butter let's do it. By sending 27 two cent U. S. stamps to the Peoples Supply Co., Windsor, Canada, they will send you Black Pepsin and directions for using, so you can test it and you can thus receive the same benefit I have. There is nothing more valuable to the farmer than to be able to double the amount of butter he produces at little cost.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

WOMEN OF POLAND.

Their Courage, Knowledge, Fortitude, Piety and Fear of the Lord Lauded by Madame Modjeska Before the Woman's Congress.

A Masterful Review of the Political and Social Life of the Poles.

Following is an extract from the brilliant speech on "The Women of Poland" recently delivered by Madame Modjeska before the Woman's Congress in this city:

In a great part of Russian Poland, the so-called Kingdom, Napoleon's legislative code is still in vigor—and according to it, the unmarried woman of age, or the widow, has the absolute right of disposal of her fortune—while the married woman remains under the power of her husband. Without his assistance she cannot execute any legal act. He is absolute master of her revenues, and is not obliged to render any account of them. His only duty is to support her and her children in a way befitting his social position. He cannot, however, effect any sale of her estates or incur any debts on them without her permission.

Such a subordinate legal situation did not act as injuriously as it might have done upon the Polish woman of today. It did not destroy her influence nor restrict her field of action. With the change of economic and other conditions and the consequent disappearance of many home industries, her circle of activity in the household became narrower, but her energies were soon directed into new channels. She is the continual helpmate of her husband in all his business enterprises, she is consulted in every financial transaction, and, if she becomes a widow, usually takes his place in the management of the business. Some of our largest establishments are directed and controlled by women.

In the old times when Poland was, so to say, a bulwark between Tartars and Turks and the rest of Europe, standing in the defense of civilization against the Asiatic hordes, when every man was a soldier, the Polish women were left at home the sole masters of the family and estate. This independency developed in them a spirit of national pride, wisdom and courage. Forced to spend months and years in waiting for the return of their dear ones, left for a long time without news from the field of battle and harassed by dreadful persecutions and fears, still holding a serene countenance before the people, they attained a great mastery over themselves, and a great patience. Thus, courage, industry, patriotism and patience are the most prominent characteristics of Polish women.

Let us go back to the seventeenth century. What pictures of woman's life are impressed upon my mind from the records of our history! I see through the mist of ages a young, beautiful bride and her manly bridegroom. They have just returned from church and stand upon the porch of the house. Her eyes are moist with tears of happiness; their hands clasped together, they look at each other in silence, with a great, solemn interrogation in their eyes, afraid of speaking lest they should break the spell of the exquisite joy of the two perfectly harmonious souls. From the house merry peals of laughter and music come to their ears, but they do not seem to hear it. He tenderly puts his arm around her waist and whispers words of love, when suddenly he lifts his head and listens. What is it? The air is still and yet in the far distance a scarcely perceptible sound is heard, first footsteps of horses, then the clang of armor, and a few moments later a troop of warriors gallops to the house. A dispatch is handed to the bridegroom and he reads it in silence, but by the expression of his face, by the infinite sadness of his eyes, she guesses that it is a summons to leave her and go with the others to the field of battle.

Leave her and now? Her face grows deathly pale, but there are no tears in her eyes. She extends her arms to him, falls on his breast, then making the sign of the cross on his brow she speaks firmly: "In the name of the Father, of the Son and the Holy Ghost, go." And they part. He goes to the battle fiercer than ever. She stays at home, left to her prayer and domestic duties, ever patient, industrious, with no other consolation but her religion, her national pride, and the hope to see her husband soon again. But he must come home with a brave record or else she would rather see him in his grave. Religion and her country first, and then love.

Another picture suggests itself to me. A young mother, left alone with a little son 5 years old; after the morning prayer and breakfast she leads him to the yard. An old soldier, covered with scars, is waiting for them. He holds two swords in his hand, one of them a mere toy but made of sharp, strong steel. The boy grasps his little sword—both stand in position, and the fencing lesson commences. The mother sits quietly watching her little one, terrified at moments, but with a smile on her lips. From time to time the veteran gives points to the little warrior. "Cover your head—your side—No! that's not good—try again—not this way—take care or I will cut." And he cuts. The boy grows pale with rage. Mother comes to him, bandages the slight wound. The old soldier apologizes, but she only says: "You have done right; he will do better next time." Again she sits among her maids, spinning, sewing, or embroidering the church vestment. She talks to the girls, she tells them legends, stories of battles, or reads to them the New Testament and lives of saints. When the work is over all unite in evening prayers and songs.

Such a life must have developed a sense of responsibility, authority and chastity. This training lasted for centuries and its effects are so deeply rooted, so distinctly marked, that they cannot be erased either by the economical or social changes, or by the political upheavals.

The best proof that the tradition of the past still lives in the Polish woman's heart was the share she took in our constant struggle for independence.

When the impious spirit of our three Christian neighboring monarchies prompted them to form a so-called holy alliance in order to crush and tear to pieces our unfortunate country, which was then the only representative of self government and personal liberty, when, not satisfied with the annexation and division of Poland, they robbed and pillaged our land from end to end, stabbing the very heart of our national life, destroying our institutions, persecuting our language and religion, shutting all the gates to our civilization and progress, when our men, exhausted by wars and defeats, became despondent and disheartened, it was the Polish woman who stood like a guardian angel at the doors of their conscience. She it was who encouraged them, who urged them, always ready to lay down her life for the welfare and independence of her country. It was she who taught her sons how to defy our enemies, she who preserved the tradition of honor, patriotism, valor and integrity, not allowing herself a moment to rest but with strange tenacity and, spite of bullets, chains, Siberia and the worst of all, the lash with which she was often punished to the everlasting disgrace of the Russian government.

Our enemies are making a great mistake if they think that they can kill the Polish patriotism. As long as there is one Polish woman left alive Poland will not die, and the more they persecute us, the better it is for us now. We may have deserved punishment for the faults and mistakes of the past, we must pay the penalty, and God only knows at what expense we pay it.

A well known French writer, Pherbulis, in one of his works says that the best thing about Poland is the Polish mother. He spoke the truth, and I take the opportunity afforded me by this congress to send them a message across the ocean, a message of respect, love and veneration. The world knows of the Roman matron and the Spartan mother; I dare claim a place next to them for the Polish mother. When the French artist, Horace Vernet, was asked by Czar Nicholas to paint an episode from the last struggle between Poland and Russia he answered: "Your Majesty will excuse me; I never painted Christ on the cross." And he was right. Poland was crucified, but was there not a mother kneeling beneath the cross of Golgotha waiting patiently for resurrection? And is there not also today the Polish mother waiting patiently and praying for the resurrection? Will she wait forever? For, if there is justice on earth she will not wait in vain.

DAUGHTERS OF LORETTO.

The first May reception given by the Daughters of Loretto took place Tuesevening at the residence of Mrs. Purcell, No. 329 Loomis street, and was attended by a large and brilliant gathering of young ladies and gentlemen. The society is composed of prominent Catholic ladies of the West Side, and its object is to succor the little waifs of the West Division, shield them from want and deliver them from evil. The ladies give their work gratuitously, and are already doing a great work in the way of educating the little ones. The parlors were fairly crowded with the young friends of the society, and the evening was rendered exceedingly enjoyable by the rendering of the following choice musical and literary programme:

PART I.

1. 1st De Beriot Concert.....De Beriot
   Mr. Anton Malzek.
2. a. Spring.....Sapio
   b. Lullaby.....Nevi
   Miss Martina Larson.
3. Recitation.....Selected
   Miss Rose E. Kelly.
4. a. A Portrait.....Rubenstein
   b. Guitar re.....Moszowski
   Miss Ethel May Roe.
5. Ballad.....Melloy
   Master Edward Hedberg.

PART II.

1. Fire Charm.....Wagner-Brasson
   Miss Ethel May Roe.
2. a. Serenade.....Niedlinger
   b. The Vow.....Meyer-Hummul
   Miss Helene Zusing.
3. Reading.....Selected
   Miss Maria Young.
4. Fantasia Vientemps.....Vientemps
   Mr. Anton Malzek.

The various numbers were rendered very artistically and elicited unbounded applause. In short, this initial effort of the Daughters of Loretto was a complete success, and was satisfactory in every detail.

At the close of the musicale Maj. W.C. McClure, who was the promoter of the movement, was invited to address the company on the aims and purposes of the society. On being introduced by Miss Purcell as the organizer and benefactor of the association, the Major delivered an eloquent speech touching the objects sought to be achieved, and paid a hearty tribute to the noble enthusiasm which appeared to animate all the ladies engaged in carrying forward the good work. Following are the members of the society:

Miss Agnes E. Gannon, Miss Mary J. Hanlon, Miss Mary A. Goodison, Miss Ella E. Hanlon, Miss Margaret Bannon, Miss Josephine A. O'Connor, Miss Sue E. Brady, Miss Madge Cagney, Miss Emma Gilmore, Miss Annie Colohan, Miss Agnes Bremner, Miss Birdie White, Miss Annie McLaughlin, Miss Mae J. Purcell, Miss Ella Turner, Miss Celia Gleason, Miss Helen J. Ryan, Miss Annie Treacy, Miss Nellie McLaran, Miss Mary Cagney, Miss [illegible] Mae Kerman, Miss Marie Solan, [illegible] Burke, Miss Josie McInerny, Mis[illegible] E. Kelly, Miss Belle Purcell an[illegible] Kittie Birmingham.

When the hair [illegible]en out, leaving the head bald, if [illegible] scalp is not shiny, there is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

SNUB THE GOSSIPS.

Only Very Foolish People Listen to, or Take to Heart, the Evil Things Retailed By Professional Backbiters.

Don't Be Scared of Cholera, if You Can Help It.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 22, 1893.—A correspondent writes that a neighbor has been telling lies about her, and that these stories have prejudiced many of her friends.

"As true as I hope to be saved," she added, "I never did or said the things imputed to me, and my heart is almost broken. What would you do? I suppose I must try to clear it up some way, but I don't know where to begin."

Begin by keeping your mouth shut. Don't open it once on this subject. Refuse to discuss the matter with any real or pretended friend. Go about your own business. Treat those who treat you well in the same fashion, and totally ignore those who do not.

There is one thing that I know, and I wish I could make the thought a truth to my readers. It is this:

There is no power in a lie.

Now please to understand what I mean by this. There is no power in a lie *per se*. It may seem to have for a time, but it is only a seeming.

A lie is the extreme other end of the truth, the most negative of all the negatives. Ignore it; decline to give it vitality by putting any truth with it, and it is powerless even to wiggle.

But a lie can be made harmful by adding to it something worse than the lie, viz: anger, and uncharitableness, and revenge. Now it is bound to hurt, because it is no longer a simple lie.

The best way to insure entire personal comfort and dignity and immunity from aggravation, is to decline to listen to any reports concerning what people say of us to our detriment.

When a person commences to spin me a yarn of this character, that individual is immediately asked to swallow her words. My time and my peace of mind are too valuable to be wasted, and I will not hear gossip.

Always distrust the person who prefaces a disagreeable communication with the announcement that it is for your good. Stop them right there, and tell them to take their good gifts to another market. You have no use for them.

There may be certain friends or relatives who have a right to come to us with disagreeable messages, but the love of gossip is so general that it is difficult to tell where to draw the line, and I consider it safer to be deaf and dumb to the whole of it. I have known very serious consequences to many sensitive persons from the merest idle gossip, which, if they had made themselves positive to by refusing to hear, would have dropped like a dead leaf in autumn, and with no more shock or noise.

We must learn to respect and defend ourselves by rising above and remaining above the gab and gossip which infests so many neighborhoods.

It is also just as important that we refuse to listen to reports about our neighbors as ourselves. I know a bright, clear-brained, jolly, busy, conservative girl who, just as soon as a personally detrimental subject is introduced, puts her fingers in her ears and begins to sing. If she can escape from the room she does so.

But this smiling, musical disclaimer has usually a very beneficial effect. "Julia" may be called very queer and very rude, but she starts the gossips to thinking, and so becomes a general benefactor.

To the readers who have asked me to name some books for summer reading, I would like to recommend the "Memories of John E. Owns," the once genial and very popular actor. These memories are by his faithful and loving wife, a woman who has known much happiness and greater sorrow, the greatest being the loss of a companion to whom she was so devotedly attached.

Say, will you please call a halt on cholera letters? I am neither a distributor nor a slayer of germs, except in my mind, and you can rest assured that they have no slightest chance of life after they have once entered that place. In fact, I kill 'em before they get there, by sending out a positive thought that is not to be trifled with.

But seriously, such communications are not pleasant things. The haunting fear that so many seem to carry about with them is very unnecessary and very foolish. I have said this before, in every form that the English language made possible, but it seems to make no difference. Now "Helen" asks me how I would feel if somebody had cholera next door to me.

Very sorry for them, of course. But I shouldn't expect to have it because my neighbor died, any more than I would expect to have a headache because he did.

Do let us think of something else, only don't let it be hoop-skirts; I have heard enough about them.

I would like to say to those who have black hair, that Miss Mary Seaman's recipe, for promoting the growth of the hair and keeping it from falling out, will serve to make the black hair glossier, although, when dry after the treatment, it may show some effect of the very pure and simple material used, in a white powdery appearance. A clean, stiff brush, and a good dust-off, will remedy this. This is the best wash for the scalp ever put together. It can do no harm, and it does all that it promises. Twenty-five cents for a recipe that will last forever.

ELEANOR KIRK.

698 Greene avenue.

HISSED BY TORIES.

LONDON, May 17.—The reception of the Prince of Wales at the Imperial institute today was in every way successful. The Duke of York and the Princess May were cheered repeatedly by the thousands of guests. Mr. Gladstone was present, looking tired and irritated. A hostile demonstration was made by some of the ultra-Tories when he appeared. The demonstration was comparatively mild at first, but increased rapidly in volume and ended in hooting and hissing.

Before Mr. Gladstone appeared the 18,000 or 20,000 persons at the reception were in the best of temper. There was a bewildering confusion of magnificent toilets, which showed the exceptionally high social standing of the guests. The Duke of Cambridge, Duke and Duchess of Fife, Prince and Princess of Christian, Duke and Duchess of Connacht, Duke and Duchess of Teck, Lord Salisbury, groups of ministers and ex-ministers, members of parliament and generals of the army, most of them accompanied by their families, were mingled in an inextricable tangle. As rain was threatening, the finest part of the display was confined to the gallery.

As the royal procession moved through the galleries with the police pushing back the crowds to clear the way, a roar of hurrahs arose and such general enthusiasm and good nature were apparent that those who had been apprehensive of a demonstration against Mr. Gladstone believed that the danger was passed. As the prime minister came in view the temper of the crowd changed instantly. At first a few hisses were heard, then half-suppressed groaning. As he proceeded, the hooting and hissing swelled to an uproar, which the liberals present could not drown with their counter cheers.

The opinion almost universally expressed tonight in London is that the demonstration was not only a disgraceful exhibition of partisanship, but also a direct insult to the Prince of Wales, with whom the prime minister had just dined at the institute in company with the visitors from India. It is said that Mr. Gladstone absented himself from the exercises in the opening of the institute in accordance with the advice of friends, who believed that if he appeared he would be hooted.

The *Times* regards the demonstration against Mr. Gladstone as a "lamentable fact." "The event was regrettable," says the *Times*, "because, after all Mr. Gladstone was the guest of the Prince of Wales. The demonstration was not organized, however, but was a spontaneous and irrepressible breach of the conventionals of society."

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY SULLIVAN.

Mrs. Mary Sullivan died at her home, No. 512 Warren avenue, on Tuesday, aged 54 years. Mrs. Sullivan lived in Chicago many years and was highly respected. She was the mother of Roger C. Sullivan, clerk of the Probate court of Cook county; Boetius H. Sullivan, surveyor-general of South Dakota, and Mark L. Sullivan, of the *Evening Post*.

MRS. MARY T. M'CORMACK.

Mrs. Mary Tiernan McCormack, wife of Mr. Michael McCormack, Sr., passed peacefully away yesterday afternoon, after a brief illness, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John L. Kane, No. 1413 Buena Vista street. Mrs. McCormack was a native of county Roscommon, Ireland, and was 63 years old. She was well known and highly esteemed here, having resided in Nashville for the past thirty-three years. She leaves to mourn her death, her husband, four sons, James M. McCormack, of Memphis, Michael, Jr., John J. and Lawrence A. McCormick, and two daughters, Miss Maggie McCormack and Mrs. Kane. The deceased was a devout Christian, an active member of the Church of the Assumption. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon, the services being conducted at the Church of the Assumption by Father Uphaus. The interment will follow at Mt. Calvary cemetery.—*Nashville Banner, May 20.*

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

"How to obtain a Postoffice or Custom House position." Full information and pointers on the examinations, in a new book just published. "How to Obtain a Government Position." 25 cents. By mail. HAWTHORNE PUBLISHING CO., 1108 Unity Building, Chicago.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SLASHER'S LAST CHARGE.

"'Twas then like the storm-cloud of autumn
That rolls over Barna's wild crest,
When its thunder clangs hoarse through the gorges,
And the lightning leaps out from its breast,
With our loud-ringing slogan of battle
On their thick-serried squadrons we bore,
With a flashing of helmets and sabres,
And a rattling of matchlocks galore,
Till the fresh green was strewn with their corses,
And the causeway was slipp'ry with gore!"

A pretty dense wood stood on the shore of the small stream flowing southward from romantic Lough Sheelin, on the borders of Cavan and Westmeath. Under the heavy foliage of this wood was was posted, on a fine summer day, in 1644, a party of about a hundred dragoons. The men were for the most part in an easy state of *idlesse*—some conversing in groups, some loitering listlessly to and fro, some reclining at their ease in the cool shade of the trees. Their horses, ready saddled and bridled, were picketed in a double line; wiry, supple-limbed animals of Irish breed, and well trained to the battlefield, they had long since learned to prick up their ears at a trumpet-call, and could listen unaffrightedly to the roar of cannon and roll of musketry.

The radiance of the summer day did not fail to enhance the picturesque beauty of the scene. Here and there a stray sunbean shot through the green canopy of the wood, glanced on the polished arms of a soldier, or twinkled and quivered on the surface of the stream. Through the many vistas of the wood could be seen to the northwest the bright and beautiful bosom of Lough Sheelin, encircled by the verdant hills of four counties and domed by the unclouded sky. A light, purplish mist was in the air, throwing the lake and its emerald headlands, the windings of the stream, the sweeps of luxuriant wood, and the distant chain of hills into a warm and delicate perspective. Earth and air rejoiced under the bounteous reign of summer.

The dragoons were under the command of Col. Miles O'Reilly, and formed part of the rear guard of the Irish army, now retreeting southwards before an overwhelming force of Puritans. A few perches from the dragoons' position, where the stream issued from the lake, stood a rude stone bridge—the Bridge of Finae—which, as it lay in the direct route of the advancing enemy, the Slasher was determined either to guard or destroy. He was now awaiting material and reinforcements from Granard, five miles due west, where the main body of Irish lay encamped.

Of the hundred dragoons one was Edmund O'Tracy.

Strolling through the wood, our hero, now a lieutenant, met his friend Nial O'Cuirnin. Very different was their meeting now from their former rencontre in the wood of Dromahaire. They hailed each other with warm exclamations of welcome, and a genial clasp of the hand.

"Niall, *ma bouchal*, is it yourself I see before me?"

"Hollo, Emon, *avic machree*, are you alive?"

"Tell me, Niall," inquired Edmund, as the pair with mutual impulse seated themselves side by side on a fallen tree trunk, "have you heard aught of Kathleen since we parted last?"

"Ah, *mavrone* for my poor colleen—not a word!"

"My soul! this is bad!"

A sorrowful pause ensued, broken at length by the voice of O'Tracy, as he made inquiry as to the other's career since they parted; and both plunged with soldier-like avidity into the recital of their respective adventures since their parting about a twelvemonth before.

"Well, avic," said Niall O'Cuirnin, "I had scarcely put foot out of Breffny, after the burning of that accursed castle, when somehow or other I was drafted off to serve under Sir Phelim O'Neill in Charlemont, the garrison nearest the Scotch—for, *fareer gair*, we have only three garrisons in Ulster nowadays—Charlemont under Sir Phelim, and Cloughoughter, and another place in Cavan under Col. Philip O'Reilly. It was tough work and smart fighting about Charlemont, avic, but, *dhar mo lamh*, the real old blood is in Sir Phelim, lawyer and all that he is! He had only two hundred and fifty foot—but well he handled us; and many a dark night I remember when we cut off the Scotch guards and shot and sabred them by dozens in the mosses, driving in whole herds of Undertakers' cattle, while Monroe could only sweat and bluster on the head of it. And the four hundred Scots in Mountjoy were so cooped up by our fellows at a distance that they could not get a stick of fuel for firing without paying dearly for it with their blood. Oh, my friend, we've had lively times in the North!"

"As for me," said O'Tracy, "I've been chiefly in Leinster with Owen Roe."

"With Owen Roe?" repeated his companion, becoming interested.

"Ay, and would I had a better tale to tell than one of misfortune to our cause. You see, we had campaigned in Leinster during the summer months, and when autumn came on we marched, creaghts and all, to Ulster, so that our people might gather in their harvest—but there was no harvest there for us: the regiments of Clotworthy, Conway, and Donegal had swept the province, reaping, threshing, or burning all the corn from the Bann to the Foyle, from Clones to Coleraine. Well, we were nigh equal with the Scots; we had little or no bread, but plenty of beef, milk, and butter, and they had plenty of bread but no kine. Just then Owen Roe was summoned by the council to Kilkenny."

"You accompanied him?"

"Yes, in his best regiment of horse. He complained to the council rightly and bitterly of the state of his army in the North, left without supplies, and offered, if properly seconded, to levy 4,000 foot and 400 horse in Ulster. Then the council sent 400 foot and 800 horse northwards to fight the Scotch, but not under our gallant general—no, the Palesmen faction in Kilkenny were too bigoted for that—but under an English lord, this Castlehaven yonder."

"*M'anam an diaoul*," exclaimed O'Cuirnin, "how mad we were in Ulster when we heard of it!"

"So northwards our regiment came in this army, our brave leader having to serve for union's sake a Sassenach adventurer, and you know the rest—how we were checked at Dromore, and driven into Charlemont, where eating flesh meat without bread or salt made men die in dozens of the lax, until Castlehaven thought fit to steal away with the relics of his army, with which he is now lying yonder at Granard."

"Strange I did not meet you at Charlemont."

"I never entered its gates, for our regiment was engaged in scouring the country to the south."

"Ha, that explains; hallo, look there."

O'Cuirnin pointed to a horseman who appeared galloping at full speed across the bridge. The attention of both was riveted on the solitary cavalier, who now reined in his steaming and exhausted steed, threw himself from his saddle, and hastily approached the colonel, who with folded arms was thoughtfully pacing up and down in the shade of the trees. A short conversation ensued between O'Reilly and his scout—for such the horseman was—the latter speaking in an excited manner and pointing now and then in the direction whence he had come.

"Emon, my hearty, I smell powder," exclaimed Niall O'Cuirnin.

Scarcely had he uttered the words when the blast of a trumpet sounding to horse rang through the wood. In ready obedience every dragoon hurried to his charger, and the entire troop was soon in the saddle. Drawn up in two long lines the detachment of cavalry presented a right gallant appearance and martial picture. The sunlight glowed on the bronzed and moustached faces of the cavaliers, and was reflected from the burnished corselets and helmets, each helmet being surmounted by a white plume of feathers that nodded and waved in the light summer zephyrs. The strong limbed chargers, seeming to "snuff the battle afar off," arched their proud necks, tossed their manes, and spurned the soil with their hoofs, causing a rattling of bridle chains, and clatter of accoutrements, and a jingling of scabbards against spurs all along the line. Truly, Myles O'Reilly, as he reined in his restive black *destrier* some yards in front of the line to survey the imposing array, might well feel a thrill of soldierly pleasure at the front presented by his brave and devoted horsemen. It was a stirring spectacle:

"Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files arrayed
In helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing;
And each heart with hope high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating."

The detachment was just mounted when a few horsemen were seen approaching at full speed on the road leading from Granard. They drew rein in front of the array of cavalry.

"Just in time, McCabe," said O'Reilly eagerly to the foremost. "Well, is the powder at hand? There is no time to lose; the bridge must be blown up at once—heavens! it should have been destroyed hours ago: the enemy may be upon us at any moment."

"The reinforcement is on the way, Colonel, and——"

"The powder, man, the powder?"

"Loth that I am to say it—there has been none sent."

"Cead mille mollaght!" cried the Slasher; "there is foul work here. Why have we been deceived? It is now too late to break down the bridge; besides, we have neither pick nor lever at hand. Our cause is ruined by traitors. Would to heaven," he murmured in a low voice, "that Owen Roe were at our head once more!"

The soldiers were not slow to notice the agitation of their commanding officer, and many were the whispered comments exchanged among them—comments by no means complimentary to the general who now held supreme command of the army encamped at Granard.

Great, indeed, had been the surprise and chagrin of the Ulster forces on learning that their trusted and beloved O'Neill had been superseded, at the instance of the Anglo-Irish faction in the Kilkenny council, by a foreign nobleman; and greater was their ire when they found themselves the victims of the latter's blundering tactics. James Touchet, Earl of Castlehaven, styled second Baron of England, and possessed of large estates both in England and Ireland, was one of those political adventurers who thrive in times of trouble and disquiet more from pretense than capability. He was imprisoned in Dublin Castle by the lords justices at the beginning of the insurrection on suspicion of being therein implicated. Escaping from his dungeon, he made his way to Kilkenny, arriving there during the first sitting of the council. After some hesitation he joined the Confederates, took the oath of association, and was thereupon admitted a member of the council—not representing any particular part or province—thus bringing the number of members up to twenty-five. He was then made general of the Leinster Horse, under Preston; following which he defeated the Puritan Colonel Crawford at Monasterevan, and, in conjunction with Purcell, Preston, and others, obtained many victories in Leinster and Munster. But he was entirely opposed to the views of the "old Irish," and to the continuance of the war, and had neither the skill, enterprise, nor popularity of Owen Roe, who, on being deprived of his command in Ulster, was assigned that of the army of Connacht, and displayed his self-denial and self-sacrifice by serving cheerfully under this English earl—of whom the reader will pardon us for giving so lengthy a notice, knowing that the fate of the gallant Miles O'Reilly hung in the balance.

The latter, after musing for a time with his head bowed on his great breast, turned full to his men, his eyes sparkling and his countenance glowing with the fire of determined resolve.

"My brave boys," he said, in cheery and animated tones, "the powder with which I intended to destroy yonder bridge has not come—will not come—and in an hour Monroe's troops will be here to attempt its passage. They may outnumber us ten to one, but, by our sacred cause, that bridge they shall not cross today unless they pass over our dead bodies! The hour has come that God and our country demand a great sacrifice of us—that, perhaps, of our lives and blood. I will say no more, for well I know O'Reilly's horsemen have never flinched from their duty to faith and fatherland."

And O'Reilly's horsemen responded to their chieftain's inspiring speech with a loud, hearty burst of cheering that told their feelings on the subject only too well.

"Lieuenant O'Tracy," called the Slasher, when the applause had subsided, and our hero rode forward from his place, "you will take a dozen men and make a reconnaissance in front. Return and report as soon as you discover the strength of the enemy. I fancy," added he, aside to Edmund, "you will not have to proceed far."

Forthwith O'Tracy and a dozen troopers rode across the bridge and set off on the eastern road.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Veragua.

The name Veragua appears for the first time in history in Columbus' letter from Jamaica, July 7, 1503, to the Catholic sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella. Columbus took that name from the natives, who applied it to the country east of Admiral's Bay, at a distance of twenty-five leagues, but in the early part of the sixteenth century the name of Veragua was given to the whole coast of Central America discovered by Columbus himself on his fourth and last voyage, from Cape Honduras to Puerto del Retrete. In 1509 Diego de Nicuesa was appointed Governor of Veragua, but he was unsuccessful in his attempts, and disappeared in 1511. In 1534 a new governor was appointed in the person of Felipe Gutierrez, but he failed and fled from Veragua. On Jan. 19, 1537, Don Luis Colon (or Columbus), grandson of the First Admiral, was created Duke of Veragua. His estate being between Chiriqui Lagoon and Belen, had an extent of twenty leagues. Don Luis Colon his unsuccess and exper eragua, and requested the arles V., to take back his agua, giving him as a cou ent or pension of 10,000 u request was granted in 1 a yielded some gold from 1560 to 1603. Ever since the close of the sixteenth century the condition of the small province of Veragua, the ancient duchy of the name, has been a wretched one.—*Irish-American.*

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Colann gan Cheann.

A bhfad ó shoin, bhi baintreabhach 'nna cómhnuidhe i g-condae na Gaillimhe, agus beirt mhac aici, dár b'ainm Diarmuid agus Dómhnal. B'é Diarmuid an fear ba sine agus bhi sé 'nna mháighistir os cionn an tighe. Budh feilméaraidh móra iad, agus fuaradar fuagradh ó'n tighearna-talmhan le teacht agus cios bliadhna d'ice leis. Ni raibh mórán airgid aca 'san teach agus dubhairt Diarmuid le Dómhnal, "tabhair uallach coirce go Gaillimh agus díol é." Fuair Domhnal uallach réidh, chuir da chapall faoi an g-cairt agus d'imthigh go Gaillimh. Dhiol sé an coirce agus fuair sé luach maith air. Nuair bhi sé teacht abhaile, d'fhan sé ag an teach leathbealaigh mar budh gnáthach leis, le deoch do bheith aige féin, agus le deoch agus coirce do thabhairt do na capaibh.

Nuair chuaidh sé asteach le deoch d'fhághail dó féin, chonnaire sé beirt bhuachaill ag imirt cárda. D'fheuch sé orra tamall, agus dubhairt ceann aca, "a m-béidh cluiche agad?" Thoisigh Domhnal ag imirt agus níor stop sé gur chaill sé uile phighin de luach an choirce. "Creud dheunfaidh mé anois?" ar Domhnal leis féin, "marbhfaidh Diarmuid mé, air chaoi air bith rachaidh mé abhaile, agus innseochaidh mé an fhirinne." Nuair chuaidh sé abhaile d'fhiafruigh Diarmuid dé, "ar dhíol tu an coirce?" "Dhiolas, agus fuaras luach maith air," ar Dómhnal. "Tabhair dham an t-airgiod," ar Diarmuid. "Ni'l sé agam," ar Domhnal, "chaill mé uile phighin dé ag imirt cárda ag an teach leathbealaigh." "Mo mhallacht agus mallacht na ceithre bhfear fichid ort," ar Diarmuid. Chuaidh sé agus d'innis do'n mháthair an cleas a rinne Dómhnal. "Tabhair párdún dó an t-am so," ar san mháthair "agus ni dheunfaidh sé aris é." "Caithfidh tu uallach eile dhíol amarach," ar Diarmuid, "agus má chailleann tu a luach, na tar an so."

Air maidin, lá air na mhárach, chuir Dómhnal uallach eile air an g-cairt agus d'imthigh go Gaillimh. Dhiol sé an coirce agus fuair luach mór air. Nuair bhi sé teacht abhaile agus i ngar do'n teach leath-bealaigh dubhairt sé leis féin "Druidfidh mé mo shúile, go dtéidh me thar an teach sin le faitchios go m-béidheadh cathugh' adh orm do dhul asteach." Dhruid sé a shúile, acht nuair thainig na capaill chomh fada leis an teach-ósta do sheasadar agus ni rachadh céim nios faide, mar budh gnáthach leó coirce agus uisge d'fhághail 'san áit sin, uile am bhidh' eadh siad a' teacht as Gaillimh. D'fhosgail sé a shúile, thug coirce agus uisge do na capaibh agus chuaidh asteach le splanc do chur ann a phiopa.

Nuair chuaidh sé asteach chonnaire sé na buachaillidh ag imirt cárda. D'iarradar air imirt, agus b'éidir go gnóthóchadh sé an méad do chaill sé an lá roimhe. Mar tá cathughadh air na cárdaibh thoisigh Dómhnal ag imirt agus níor stop gur chaill sé uile phighin d'á raibh aige. "Ni'l aon mhaith dham dul abhaile anois," ar Domhnal, "cuirfead na capaill agus an chairt, a n-aghaidh an mhéid a chaill mé." D'imir sé aris, agus chaill sé na capaill agus an chairt. Ann sin ni raibh fhios aige creud do dheunfadh sé, agus smuain sé agus dubhairt, "mur (muna) dtéidh' mé abhaile béidh imnidhe air mo mháthair bhocht. Rachaidh mé abhaile agus innseochaidh mé an fhirinn' di. Ni thig leó acht me dhíbirt."

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

The Fate of the Santa Maria.

One of the explanations the officers of the Santa Maria, Columbus' flag-ship, have had mostly constantly to make to visitors, is that the little vessel at present anchored in the North River is not the one Columbus sailed in, but a copy of it. In detail of construction and fitting the reproduction is faithfully exact, but it is a reproduction merely, for the original Santa Maria went ashore on a sand bank off the coast of Hayti or Espaniola, as Columbus named this island, at midnight, on Christmas Eve, 1492.

Columbus' own account of the accident, as given by Las Casas, shows that it was due to neglect of duty on the part of the pilot, who, the sea being calm and himself drowsy, entrusted the helm to an inexperienced boy—a direct violation of Columbus' orders—and went to sleep. Columbus and the rest of the crew were also sleeping. The ship, caught by a current that the boy was too green to perceive, struck so gently that only his shouts of dismay at feeling the rudder touch roused the sleepers.

Columbus was the first on deck, and did all that he could to save his ship, but in vain. The Santa Maria was hard and fast aground, and began at once to careen. Columbus took refuge on board the Nina, which lay-to near by, and at dawn sent the news of his misfortune ashore to the king of that region, who had already shown him some hospitality. This king, the amiable and friendly Guacanagari, wept when he heard of the disaster, and sent his people out in their long canoes to assist the Spaniards in saving her cargo, which they did so well that "not as much as an end of cordage or the point of a needle was lost," says Columbus. Moreover, he entertained them most generously with feasts and presents of gold. The amenities, especially the gold, and the prospect of there being mines of it near by, decided Columbus to found there and then a colony, and out of the wreck of the Santa Maria to build a fort. This he did, the natives helping him skilfully as before, and he called the port La Navida, because it was on the morning of the Nativity that he was stranded, and thus led to settle on the shore, which he regarded as a direct interposition of Providence in his behalf.

But the Santa Maria was doomed to complete destruction, neuertheless. On returning on his second voyage Columbus found that in an uprising of the Indians the fort he had made had been burned to the ground.—*Ex.*

Unjust Taxation.

It is unjust to tax the stomach with burthens that it cannot bear. Many silly people thus tyrannize that faithful servitor until it rebels and punishes them as they deserve. Dyspepsia is usually the child of gastronomic folly, but whether this or the natural associate of inherent feebleness from childhood, it is surely and pleasantly remediable with Hostetters Stomach Bitters, the finest and most highly sanctioned gastric tonic in existence. As a rerult of the tone imparted to the stomach, and the increased activity of its digestive and assimilative action, insured by the persistent use of this benign invigorant, general stamina is augmented, the nerves strengthened and tranquilized, and a tendency to insomnia and hypochondriasis defeated. Biliousness, chills and fever, rheumatism and kidney troubles are conquered by this admirable medicine.

THE GAME OF BASKET BALL.

Interesting and Exciting Sport For Those Not Able to Exercise Regularly.

The announcement that at a woman's educational institution not far from this city the students played a close and exciting game of "basket ball" was perhaps the first item which attracted public attention to a sport that is rapidly becoming very popular in this country among those who have neither the physique nor the taste for baseball or football. The rules of the new sport are comparatively simple, and the ease with which the fundamental laws of the game can be acquired in a few minutes' practice have served to make it popular wherever it has been introduced, while its freedom from much of the roughness and intricacy of football has also tended to make the devotees of basket ball enthusiastic in their praise of its merits.

The name "basket ball" is derived from the fact that scores are made not by carrying the ball across the goal lines or kicking it over the goal bar as in football, but by throwing the spheroid into a moderately small basket, which is hung about 10 feet above the ground or floor. To accomplish such a feat usually requires much practice, and as a rule the try at goals are far morp numerous than the scores. Either hand or both hands can be used in holding the ball, and it must either be thrown or be batted with the open hand—a punch with the fist or arm, or a kick, constituting a foal.

The game differs from football also in the fact that no player is allowed to run with the ball, but must stand where it is caught, and a fair catch can be made only with the hands. If the ball is held for an unnecessarily long time, the umpire takes possession of it and puts it "in play" by throwing it in the air, no player being allowed to touch it in such an event until it has struck the ground. If a ball goes out of bounds, it is put in play as in football, and no player is "off side," but every player has the right to touch the ball anywhere or everywhere in the game, provided the ball is in play.

No pushing, tripping, shoving or tackling is allowed, and every such offense constitutes a foul, which gives one point to the opposing nine. As a goal counts but three points and a foul one, there is every incentive to avoid rough play. The players advance the ball by tossing it to some member of their own nine, and there is the best opportunity for success in personal skill combined with good team play. The "forwards" and "centers" usually toss the ball forward, but when it gets dangerously near his own goal, the goalkeeper often bats it with the open palm.

One advantage which basket ball has over many other forms of popular sport lies in the fact that, while it allows 18 players to participate, it can be pursued the year round—in the open air during the warmer months and in the gymnasium while cold weather prevails. Again, basket ball can be played by persons whose physique is not of the most robust type, although many athletes also have found in it a healthful form of exercise. It has proved of great value in furnishing exercise for business men, women and children, as well as brawny students, and from the general success it has already attained wherever it has been introduced there is every probability that basket ball will soon become a very popular and widespread form of outdoor and indoor sport.—Boston Advertiser.

A Comfortable Ride After Working Hard.

While strolling past the war department one evening I witnessed a little scene that was amusing if not strictly newsy. A small sized army of charwomen and sweepers, who are employed to clean that large building, were starting homeward, having completed their task for the day. It was raining at the time, and several of the women, white and colored, were without umbrellas. One of the colored women was just about to cross the avenue when a magnificent team of horses drawing an elegant coupe dashed around the corner from Seventeenth street. The driver instantly recognized the colored woman as one of his friends—perhaps she was his "steady company."

He pulled up to the sidewalk and volunteered to give her a ride home. She at once accepted the invitation and jumped into the carriage and rolled away, amid the envious looks of her less fortunate associates. Her attire was not appropriate to the lining of the coupe, but that "didn't make no never mind" to her. The carriage is owned by one of the wealthiest families in Washington, and it is probable they are not aware that their coachman was "seeing Nellie home" on that particular occasion.—Washington Post.

Fate of One of Russia's Brightest Men.

Let me tell you a story. When I was in college at Cornell, there came a bright young Russian to study of the name of Dabrolohoff. This young man was of quick perceptive powers and deeply interested in the progressive practical sciences and questions. He studied very hard for four years, did much more work than any single term required, and graduated with the honors of his class. He removed to New York and entered into a successful practice of civil engineering. Some time later I learned that he had gone back to his native land. I heard no more of this young man outside of a few scientific articles in some European magazines for nearly 10 years. While making a tour of Europe and Russia I bethought myself of him and wondered why his brilliant parts had not long since brought him into prominence. In Russia I made inquiries, and there learned to my astonishment and sorrow that the student had been suspected of treason, tried and sentenced to Siberia where he had died in filth and chains.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Artist's Soul.

Mr. Newritch (to the dealer in artistic plaster casts)—What is most beautiful of all your statues?

The Dealer—The Venus de Medici.

Mr. Newritch—Well, let me have a ...en Venus de Mediaighs, then. I want to trim up my front yard.—Chicago News.

Prescriptions of Sandwich Island Priests.

Although the kahuna now has to mingle other pursuits with his ministrations in order to have a sufficient supply of fish and poi to keep body and soul together, there are still some Hawaiian families in good standing who cling to the old superstition and pay handsomely for services rendered. Within the last year an ex-cabinet minister had the services of a kahuna in the hope of keeping alive an aged relative. It is also common talk that Sam Parker, ex-prime minister of Liliuokalani, has consulted the kahunas on more than one occasion. Recently, when voted out of the ministry, he drew around him the kahunas in order to ascertain what the future had in store. The kahunas prescribed for him a diet of mashed spiders, and Parker took the medicine like a lamb. Again, one day when Mr. Parker received an injury which resulted in an abscess on his leg, he was prescribed by the kahunas a poultice of spiders, which he applied to the wounded spot and suffered so from blood poisoning that it required the constant attendance of a couple of English doctors to save his life.—Honolulu Cor. of Chicago Tribune.

Tombs of the Ancient Prophets.

There exist in parts of Islam many tombs of the Prophet Daniel. Of these one of the most celebrated is at Cairo. This fact need not astonish us. The Mussulmans admit without hesitation the duplication or even indefinite multiplication of the bodies of holy persons without their veneration for each of the remains being diminished in the least. It is worth noting that the nature of the honorary qualifications accorded to the same saint varies in different countries. Thus, for example, Daniel has at Cairo the name of Nebbi-Danial—that is, they give him the title of prophet, as being at the same time that which suits him best and is the most honorable they can confer. In Algeria or Morocco—feudal countries—the title they give to saints is Sidi, which signifies lord, which is also the title there of military and political chiefs. In central Asia they give to those canonized persons whom they respect most, as to the Prophet Daniel, the title of Khodja, which means in Arabic writer or lettered.—Revue des Deux Mondes.

Effecting a Settlement.

"On one occasion," remarked a well known Methodist minister who had been a circuit rider in the mountains of North Carolina, "a man from a neighboring county swooped down on our side and carried off the wife and mule of one of my church members. There was an immediate agitation, and in the midst of it I arrived. A consultation was held, and it was decided that I should go as peacemaker and embassador and effect a settlement. Just before I started the bereaved husband called me to one side for private conference.

"'I reckon, parson,' he said, 'that you oughter to know my feelin's in this thing.'

"'Of course—certainly,' I assented.

"'Well, I tell you what you do. Don't be brash about it ner focety, for I'm a man uv peace, but ef he'll give you $47 in money for the mule you needn't ter say a doggone word about the ole woman.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Nonsense About Tomatoes.

An idea has gained currency during the past few years that the tomato as an article of diet is liable to produce or encourage the terrible disease of cancer, and not long ago it was also stated that the use of this vegetable had been forbidden at the Cancer hospital. So widely spread has this notion become that Dr. Marsden, chairman of the medical committee of the Cancer hospital, London, has thought it advisable to give it official contradiction.

He says that his committee has been inundated with letters on this subject, and he begs publication for the following statement, which we hope will settle the matter once for all. It is the opinion of the committee "that tomatoes neither predispose to nor excite cancer formation, and that they are not injurious to those suffering from this disease, but on the contrary are a very wholesome article of diet, particularly so if cooked."—Chambers' Journal.

The Aldine hotel, one of the largest in Philadelphia, was burned with a loss of about $140,000. All of the 120 guests escaped uninjured.

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT, Consumption comes. A slight cold, with your system in the scrofulous condition that's caused by impure blood, is enough to fasten it upon you. That is the time when neglect and delay are full of danger. Consumption is Lung-Scrofula. You can prevent it, and you can cure it, if you haven't waited too long, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the most potent blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. For every disease that has to be reached through the blood, like Consumption, for Scrofula in all its forms, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe, lingering Coughs, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy *know* that their medicine perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh. To prove it to you, they make this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter what your case is, they'll pay you $500 in cash.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

BIG CHANGE APPARENT.

A Marked Improvement in Appearance at the Fair.

GROUNDS CHARMS THE VISITOR NOW

Unsightly Rubbish of All Kinds No Longer to Be Seen—Handsome Lawns, Green Grass, and Beautiful Plants Enchant the People—Walks and Roads Hard and Firm.

CHICAGO, May 22.—The transformation that has taken place in the appearance of the fair grounds during the last week is wonderful and is remarked on by all who have been in attendance each day. Up to the first of last week every spot of ground not covered by a building was strewn with boxes and unsightly masses of rubbish or ankle deep in mud. A large force of men, however, was at work every day last week filling up holes, leveling down small hillocks, carting away brick and mortar

IN THE AQUARIUM—FISHERIES BUILDING.

and unloading plants and sod, so where last week rubbish and dirt disgusted all, the eye of the visitor this week will be charmed with smooth lawns, green grass and handsome plants.

Walks and Roads in Good Condition.

The grounds about the Fine Arts building are now in gala attire, while all the walks and roads are hard and firmly graveled and skirt beautiful lawns dotted here and there with exquisite flower beds, and, thanks to the labors of the men who have worked day and night, the grounds are in fine shape and show none of the unfinished appearance so noticeable heretofore.

Some of the finest landscape work has been done around the Horticultural building and on the wooded island, which is now dressed in holiday attire, with plants and flowers blossoming and blooming on every hand. The great army of landscape workers has put everything in shape, last week bringing order out of chaos and leaving no unfinished details to mar the harmony of the view.

Important Questions To Be Settled.

This is to be a momentus week for the fair. A large amount of important business is to be transacted by those in control and by the time another Sunday rolls around it is expected that great strides will have been made forward. Several im-

MUCKROSS ABBEY—IRISH VILLAGE.

portant questions are to be settled and upon them will depend in great measure the success of the fair in several departments. The first and most of these questions to be disposed of is that regarding the opening of the exposition on Sunday. This question the national commission took up and heard two reports on the subject, but no conclusion was reached by the commissioners. There were scarcely a quorum present.

Think Thomas Will Remain.

The Theodore Thomas trouble which has occupied the attention of the commission for over two weeks, causing much heated debate and in some instances ill-feeling, was also taken up. It will be settled at once and the understanding is general that Mr. Thomas will remain, as he is now beyond the reach of the commission, being sheltered by the committee of six, which has taken charge of the music bureau. The awards system will no doubt come up soon. There is tremendous opposition to the one man plan of John Boyd Thatcher and unless there is some amicable settlement of the disagreement, the Germans favor withdrawal of their exhibits from competition.

The Japanese who have built pretty houses and gardens on the wooded island and the banks of the north lagoon, seem to be in no hurry to open it to the public, although they are apparently completed. The Japs are taking enjoyment out of their pavilions and seem to be an exclusive, aristocratic set of foreigners.

Bicycle Against Horses.

HOUSTON, Texas, May 22.—John S. Prince, the world's champion cyclist, who is training for the World's Fair tournament raced twenty miles against two horses, the horses relaying every mile, and each horse having a jockey to save time in relaying. Prince won by sixty feet in fifty-two minutes. He made the last lap in a gait which was at a clip of a fraction over two minutes.

Stolen Registerd Packages Returned.

TACOMA, Wash., May 22.—The registered packages stolen from the mail a year ago when the Ellensburg and Wenatchee stage was held up by a road agent were returned to the Ellensburg postmaster with a written statement that they were "no good" to the writer, who therefore returned them. A number of valuable papers were among them.

Well Rid of One Miscreant.

SPOKANE, Wash., May 23.—Frank E. Johnson threatened to kill his wife, a variety actress who had applied for a divorce, and was arrested. While in court he pulled a pistol and killed himself. On his body were found besides the pistol two dirks and a set of burglars' tools.

DOINGS OF ILLINOIS SOLONS.

Legislature Adjourns to Attend the Dedication of the Illinois Building.

SPRINGFIELD, May 18.—The first thing the senate did was to pass a resolution to adjourn to Monday evening so as to go to the dedication of the Illinois building at the World's fair. There were 10 nays. The governor nominated Dennis J. Hogan, of Kane county, trustee northern insane hospital to succeed Newman, a recent appointee of the governor, removed. The bill authorizing special assessments, etc. was passed. A message was received from the house announcing its concurrence with the adjournment resolution.

The house has advanced to third reading bills appropriating $100,000 to Joliet penitentiary; appropriating $6,350 for the state laboratory of natural history; appropriating $25,000 per year and half the college and seminary fund interest to the Normal university; appropriating $12,000 for the Quincy Soldiers' home. A resolution was adopted for a rearrangement of committees so as to dispense with some clerks and janitors.

The bill limiting street car fares to 5 cents a passenger was lost for want of votes. Notice of a motion to reconsider was given. The bill to authorize the Jackson park Chicago commissioners to purchase the World's Fair art palace was passed. The bill to appropriate $12,500 to to pay indebtness of the I. N. G. was sent to third reading, as were the bills appropriating $120,000 for ordinary expenses of the guard, giving $300 annually to the Bee-Keepers association and providing $3,000 for a better water supply for the Soldiers' Orphans home. The bill locating the state fair at Peoria and appropriating $50,000 was passed.

ELECTED OFFICERS.

National Editorial Association Make Selections for the Coming Year.

CHICAGO, May 22.—The delegates to the National Editorial association had little patience with routine business, and after accepting the reports of committees and officers in a perfunctory manner, proceeded to the election of officers for the coming year. Walter Williams of Missouri, editor of the Columbia Statesman, was elected president with 148½ votes against 133½ for Horace J. Knapp of New York. The vote was made unanimous.

The following additional officers were then elected: James H. Duke of Mississippi, second vice president; Ewing Herbert of Kansas, third vice president: Joseph M. Page, corresponding secretary (re-elected); E. F. Atcheson of Pennsylvania, recording secretary. Treasurer Gibbs was re-elected by acclamation. Sunday evening the association will attend Plymouth church in a body, and on Monday morning will convene in the Art palace at the World's fair.

An Audacious Thief.

TIFFIN, O., May 22.—Four residences in this city were robbed by an audacious thief who afterward left a note pasted on the door of the hardware store of Philip Grummel, who owns one of the houses which was entered. The burglar was surprised in the Grummel home and escaped leaving his shoes behind him. He secured three gold watches and a considerable amount of money. In the note he begged pardon for his hasty departure and asked that the shoes be left under the Pennsylvania freight house where he could get them.

Wealthy Farmer Worked by Crooks.

LIMA, O., May 22.—Infirmary Director William Patterson, a wealthy farmer, living near Westen, was worked by the fanning-mill racket to the tune of $5,000. A swindler representing a fanning-mill company got him to take the agency for it. Patterson signed a contract, and in a few days received a bill for thirty fanning mills at $50 each, and also received notes that they would send the other seventy in a couple of days, making 100 in all, amounting to $5,000, which the banks hold in notes against him.

Bad Weather for the Viking Ship.

LONDON, May 18.—The viking ship, which sailed from Bergen, Norway, on May 1, on its way to be exhibited at the World's fair at Chicago as a model of the ships in which the Norsemen are supposed to have discovered America, passed Fair island, the most northerly of the Orkney group, on the 11th inst. Advices from Bergen state that vessels arriving there report heavy southwest winds and high seas prevailing on the north Atlantic. Steamers which ordinarily averaged ten knots an hour worked for forty-eight hours without making any progress, and it is believed that the tempestuous weather has driven the viking back in the direction of Norway.

Eminent Civil Engineer Dead.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—Chauncey H. Snow, journalist and civil engineer, died Sunday, aged 60. Mr. Snow was one of the corps of engineers who constructed the Hoosac tunnel, and rendered valuable service to the government by his feats of engineering during the late war. He was a government director of the Union Pacific railroad, and his report led to the Credit Mobilier investigation.

The Hull Dock Laborers' Strike Ended.

HULL, May 22.—The union dock laborers of Hull have ratified an agreement to resume work upon the terms arranged at a conference with the employers and they will go back to work on Tuesday. This brings to an end the long struggle begun on April 7 over the refusal of the Wilson line to discharge non-union dock laborers and employ only members of the union.

Cuba's Sugar Yield.

HAVANA, May 22.—The sugar season may now be considered virtually ended, as the yield of the few estates still grinding will have no appreciable effect on the total production. It is estimated that the yield of the whole island will amount to between 750,000 and 800,000 tons, a very large decrease from the average total production.

Reversed the Decision.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—Secretary Lamont has reversed the court-martial decision which did not find Captain William S. Johnson guilty of "conduct unbecoming an officer," and severely rebuked those who conducted the trial. Johnson assigned the same month's pay to two different parties.

Dropped Dead in His Pulpit.

LAMPASAS, Tex., May 22.—Rev. James Mackay, pastor of the First Methodist church, while delivering the morning sermon Sunday dropped dead in the pulpit from bursting a blood vessel in the head.

Pitiful Story Briefly Told.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., May 23.—Oppressed by poverty, Agnes Burten and her daughter ended their lives with poison at their home near here.

AT THE WHITE CITY.

Inclement Weather Causes Falling Off in Attendance.

VISITORS WEAR WINTER WRAPS.

The Temperature Falls 40 Degrees and Makes It Unpleasant To Be About—The Poorest Day Since the Opening of the Big Show—Work Stopped on the Ferris Wheel—Date of the Minnesota State Day—The Press Congress.

CHICAGO, May 23.—After a few days of warm weather the spectators that came to the grounds early were treated to a decided change. It was too much of a change, however, to be a relief, as the temperature had fallen about 40 degrees and a drizzling rain made life miserable. The grounds were almost deserted during the morning hours and the visitors, cloaked in winter wraps, took refuge in the buildings and managed to find plenty of attractions to take the mind off that most disagreeable and diversifying topic—Chicago weather.

PATENT OFFICE DISPLAY—GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

As the day wore on the weather man relented and allowed a little warmth to permeat the atmosphere of the beclouded park with the effect of bringing a few more to the grounds, but altogether the attendance was nearly as light as the poorest day since May 1.

The Day Cold and Disagreeable.

No gay pennons flew from the thousands of standards on the big palaces. A sorry-looking flag here and there drooping languidly against the staff alone relieved the white background. Workmen hastened across the grounds to their daily toil with great coats buttoned close around their throats and umbrellas waving wildly in the wind, and the chair boys shivered under rubber covers as they sat at their stands, waiting for customers. Splashing around in World's fair mud, momentarily expecting a downpour of rain, is not an agreeable task and but few ventured to the grounds before noon. But rainstorms do not occasion anxiety to exhibitors now as they did some time ago when leaking roofs on many buildings ruined costly exhibits. No such trouble is longer experienced, the roofs now being water-tight.

In Midway Plaisance.

On the plaisance the rain had left its mark. Pools of water stood in every village and the walks and roadways were rendered so soft that walking was decidedly unpleasant. The little Japanese workmen sat in the doorways of their low-roofed huts, smoking cigarettes and gazing out at the dark sky and soggy ground with mental reservations in regard to Chicago weather. All the queer people of that queer locality kept closely indoors and the day was a quiet one on the plaisance.

The completion of Mrs. Hart's Irish village in the midway plaisance was celebrated in the afternoon with a reception and entertainment by the people composing the village. Many prominent Irish Americans and guests of other nationalities

COURTYARD IN GERMAN VILLAGE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

were present. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Archbishop Feehan and ex-Congressman John F. Finerty of Chicago, as well as Mr. Hart. A reproduction of Donegal castle forms the front of the village and visitors enter under the archway.

Work Stopped on the Big Wheel.

Work was stopped again on the Ferris wheel because of the inclement weather. If the elements continue to conspire against this novel and gigantic structure the fair will be half over before the wheel can be made ready to give the people a circular ride in the air, and the financial outlook for those interested is not bright. Two weeks of good weather, however, will see the wheel finished, as there are but two or three segments of the wheel yet to be placed. The removing of the superstructure will occupy but a few days and the wheel will then be ready for work.

Minnesota State Day.

Minnesota state day has been finally decided upon. Thursday, June 1, is adopted in place of the former date, June 6. The time for holding the affair was left to suit the convenience of the governor of the state who decided upon June 1. On that day he will be present with his staff and also the officers of the commission and many Minnesota people.

The Fair Bank.

The doors of the suspended Chemical National bank, "World's Columbian Exposition branch," are still locked and nothing is being done inside, the clerks having completed their work and the directors of the bank are waiting patiently for the report of the bank examiner as to the impairment of the bank's capital and the financial requirements which must be met before the institution will be allowed to open its doors again. The stockholders are unanimously in favor of continuing both in the city and at the exposition. In the meantime the exhibitors, concessionaires and others who need banking facilities within the grounds are put to considerable inconvenience by the absence of an exposition bank.

PRESS CONGRESS DOINGS.

Several Hundred Women Press Representatives Present—Papers Read.

CHICAGO, May 23.—The world's press congress was formally opened, the first formal session being conducted by representative newspaper women from all parts of the world to a total of several hundred, while the section of the hall given over to the public was crowded to its utmost capacity, the audience being fully as large as any that crowded Washington hall last week upon the occasion of the woman's congress, and contained almost as large a percentage of the fair sex. A fervent invocation was delivered by Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, following which Antoinette V. H. Wakeman of the Chicago Evening Post delivered the opening address. Mary H. Krout of The Inter Ocean then welcomed the delegates to Chicago and the press congress in an appropriate address, and concluded by presenting the first speaker, Helen M. Winslow of Boston, who read a paper upon "The Educational Value of Newspaper Work to Occasional Contributors."

The newspaper women abroad were represented by Mrs. Martha Howe Davidson, who read three papers contributed by foreign writers: "Woman journalist in England," by Olive Logan, of London; "French Woman Journalist," by Mme. Adam and Mlle. Anne de Bovet, and "Swedish Women Journalist," by Mrs. R. Olivicrona, of Stockholm. All these papers contained much interesting information, and were something of a surprise in their statements regarding the extent to which women are now employed in both reportorial and editorial capacities on the the leading journals of Europe. The present condition and development of the agricultural press were discussed by Mrs. Martha A. E. Whitaker of Boston, in an able paper entitled "Three-fourths of a Century in Farm Journalism." Owing to her inability to be present, Mrs. Z. Sherriden Fry's paper upon "The influence of the press upon the stage," was read by Mrs. Lou V. Chapin. The "Canadian women in art and literature" was discussed by Miss Ethelwyn Witheral of Canada, and "The Canadian women in journalism" by Miss Eve Broadlique of Chicago.

One of the most interesting, and by far the most unique number on the programme, was a paper by Mrs. Tim Kato Kakeda of Japan, and a hearty round of applause greeted her appearance. Her topic was "Women Writers in Japan," and although her subject did not present as broad a field as those treated by the delegates from lands where the fair sex has had greater advantages, her remarks were entertaining, and were something of a revelation to those of her hearers who were not acquainted with social conditions in the island empire. The morning session was concluded with a general discussion on the topic of the day, "The Newspaper as a Factor of Modern Civilization," the subject being introduced by Mrs. Pauline Givens Swalm of Iowa, and was participated in by over a score of ladies among the delegates and in the audience. No afternoon sessions will be held during the week, this part of the day being devoted to sight seeing at the World's fair.

NEW YORK BANK IN TROUBLE.

Tangled Up with the Dwiggins' Chain of Financial Institutions.

NEW YORK, May 23.—The Bank of Deposit, at 198 Broadway, is in trouble. The bank cleared through the Seaboard bank and acted as correspondent in this city for the Dwiggins chain of financial institutions in the west. The board of directors of the National Bank of Deposit announce that owing to rumors affecting the bank the deposits have fallen off very rapidly. In consequence thereof the Seaboard National bank has declined to continue clearances and, under advice of the clearing house committee, the bank has decided to go into liquidation. Depositors will be paid in full, and it is believed stockholders will realize 100 cents on a dollar.

Iowa Bank Goes Under.

CRESTON, Ia., May 23.—The Exchange bank at Tingley has suspended and the cashier, Robert Bennet, has left for parts unknown. Deposits were received up to the day of closing. Depositors are badly victimized, and if the cashier is caught he will meet with a warm reception, as the excitement is intense.

Suspension at Elmira.

ELMIRA, N. Y., May 23.—The Elmira National bank has closed its doors. The failure is the result of Colonel Robinson's recent financial troubles.

REVOLUTIONISTS VICTORIOUS.

Nicaragua Government Troops Defeated After a Hot Fight.

GRANADA, May 23.—The revolutionary soldiers stood bravely against the attack of Sacasa's soldiers Sunday and won the battle which is admitted to be the turning point of the revolution. As the government army advanced toward Masaya the artillery of the insurgents opened fire. The advance was temporarily checked, but the column reformed and the assault was renewed with vigor and determination. Their charge was ineffective. The insurgent troops pushed bravely into the struggle and after a hot fight forced the government soldiers to retire. The revolutionists are rejoicing over their victory and predict an early overthrow of Sacasa.

Went Its Rival 10 Per Cent. Better.

NEW YORK, May 23.—The Canadian Pacific railway reduced its rates on freight between this city and San Francisco to $1 per 100 pounds for the cheapest class of freight and $2.76 per 100 pounds for the highest. This was done in order to meet the reduction on the same classes of freight made last week by the Southern Pacific railroad, and the new rates of the Canadian Pacific are 10 per cent. lower than those of its rival.

Suicided While Despondent.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., May 23.—Edward Wooding, a single man, aged 65 years, residing in the village of Augusta, committed suicide by hanging while despondent.

Colorado Town Fire Swept.

ASPEN, May 23.—A large portion of the town of Carbondale was destroyed by fire. Twenty buildings were burned. Loss, $60,000.

Gotham Has the Sunstroke Record.

NEW YORK, May 23.—Bernard Levi was overcome by heat while working on a roof. This is the first case this season.

MANY MADE HOMELESS.

Extent of the Loss by Fire at Saginaw, Mich.

THIRTY-ONE BLOCKS LAID IN ASHES.

Estimated Destruction of Property Placed at $1,500,000—Those Who Sustain the Heaviest Losses—Disastrous Forest Fires in Michigan and Wisconsin—Ten Men Meet Death in a Lumber Camp—Other Conflagrations.

SAGINAW, Mich., May 22.—The terrible fire which visited this city grows greater in extent of loss as the particulars are secured. There are 291 homeless families, and citizens' meetings are being held to devise some plan for relief. The churches are also engaged in this and their co-operation will be effective. The burned district covers thirty-one blocks of the finest residence portion of the city. The loss will reach $1,500,000, with not over one-third covered by insurance. But one life was lost, that of George Turner, 89 years old, who was roasted to death in a block of his home.

Some of the Heaviest Losers.

The heaviest losers are Edward Germain, $325,000, insurance $31,000, he having no insurance on 16,000 feet of lumber burned; George F. Cross & Co., $50,000, fully insured; Allington Curtis company, $25,000, fully insured; P. H. Ketcham, $30,000, insurance $10,000; J. F. Winkler, $20,000, insurance $8,000; Thomas Steele, $17,000, no insurance; W. T. Cooper, $10,000, insurance $8,000; L. C. Holden, $10,000, insurance $5,000; Brown & Ryan, $8,000, insurance $6,000; Peter McArthur, $10,000, insurance $6,000; Valley Machine company, $15,000, fully insured. The following losers had partial insurance, amount not known: W. S. Linton, $4,000; S. Gosline, $5,000; M. McGill, $5,000; St. Vincent Orphans' home, $4,000. D. Swinton, $5,000; W. H. Presser, $9,000; G. B. Brooks, $6,000. the rest of the losers are on smaller property.

At a meeting of citizens at the club house a resolution was adopted that all sufferers by the fire can be relieved by the citizens of Saginaw without outside help. The committee appointed to canvass the situation reported that of the 239 owners of real estate who lost property 215 do not need help and twenty-four do. The tenants who lost were 101 in number. Of these twenty-eight need help and seventy-three do not. It was announced that nearly if not of the industries destroyed would be rebuilt. The most important question was what would be done by E. Germain. It was said that he would rebuild if he could have taxes remitted this year, and there were a number of citizens who said that they would see that this wish was carried out or they would attend to it themselves.

MICHIGAN FOREST FIRES.

Lumber Camp Destroyed and Ten Lives Lost Near Lake City.

LAKE CITY, May 22.—A forest fire destroyed Louis Sands' lumber camp near here. Out of a total crew of sixty men forty-nine escaped uninjured. One, Edward Sullivan, was seriously burned, and ten are dead. Of these eight took refuge in a well and were cremated there by timber and curbing falling in on them and burning. Two tried to run the gantlet and were burned to a crisp. The dead are: Michael G. Pagen, Charles G. Taylor, James Hugh, Edward Roorabach, Samuel Campbell, John Hill, Fred Sager, Hans Jacobson, Frank Sangreen, Mike E. Mulholland. The property loss consists of three horses, forty hogs, camp tools, etc., also eleven cars loaded with logs owned by the Thayer Lumber company.

Fire broke out near Tustin, and ran two miles and a half in eight minutes. The farmhouse of a man named Anderson was destroyed. Mrs. Anderson and her two children perished in the house. The sawmill boarding house belonging to Edgar Morgareidge, on the Toledo and Ann Arbor siding, four miles from here, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $4,000; no insurance. The mills were shut down to fight the fire. The city is in imminent danger. Sands' camp, where the ten men perished, was surrounded by the flames, and the men who escaped had a hard fight.

RAVAGES IN WISCONSIN.

Towns in the Northern Part of the State Hemmed in By Burning Pine Woods.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 22.—It was a bad day for the towns and cities of Northern Wisconsin which are surrounded by the pine woods. The wind blew a gale, and vegetation is so backward that everything was as dry as tinder. The conditions were those that generally obtain late in the fall, and precautions against fire are then taken. As it was forest fires raged all along the line of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & West ern railroad from Antigo to Buckbee and from Eland Junction to Wausau.

The town of Bryant, near Antigo, was entirely wiped out and the inhabitants forced to flee for their lives. Thirty buildings were destroyed and not a single house of any description was left to mark the town site. About one million feet of lumber and 300,000 feet of logs were also destroyed. There was little insurance. It was a day of great excitement at Antigo. Fire started in the afternoon and swept over the southern portion of the city, destroying Weed's mill and about forty houses. The damage will exceed $100,000 and 200 people were made homeless.

Another Town in Flames.

ST. PAUL, May 22.—A dispatch from Rock Creek says that the town is in flames and will be destroyed. Among the buildings are two general stores, a depot and several residences. The loss will probably reach $30,000.

Spool Mill Destroyed.

PORTLAND, Me., May 22.—The spool mill of J. W. Bennett, at Gilead, was burned. It was the largest mill of the kind in the world and the loss will be heavy.

Flames in a Minnesota Town.

HINCKLEY, May 22.—Fire at Rock Creek destroyed two general stores and five residences. Loss, $20,000; no insurance.

Glass Works Burned.

TIFFIN, O., May 22.—The Beattly Glass works was burned. The plant was entirely consumed. The loss is over $300,000 and is insured.

Indiana Man Given an Office.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—Raymond Flasch of Richmond, Ind., has been appointed chief of the pre-emption division id the general land office.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Picked from Here and There.

An elevator at the Hudnut Hominy mills, Terre Haute, Ind., was burned. Loss, $5,000.

Senator Morrill of Vermont is in better health than he has been for several years, though he recently celebrated the anniversary of his 83d birthday.

Miss Eleanor Calhoun, grandniece of John C. Calhoun, is making some stir as an actress in Paris.

Commander-in-Chief Weissert of the Grand Army, and Adjutant General Gray are due in Kansas soon to attend campfires at Topeka, Wichita and Emporia.

The fine monument to be erected at Crawfordsville, Ga., to the memory of Alexander H. Stevens will be a monument as well to the energetic spirit of Miss Mary Gay, who, almost single handed, has directed the collection of subscriptions for it. Miss Gray is about 50 years of age.

At a massmeeting at Springfield, Ills., the Democrats of that town expressed their pleasure at Frank Jones' appointment to be first assistant postmaster general. Senator Palmer and Congressman Springer made speeches.

* * *

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox wears a thumb ring and uses five quarts of milk to one complexion bath.

Mrs. Alice le Plongeon, who is at present residing in Brooklyn, is the only woman who has lived among the deserted old cities in the forests of Yucatan.

The forty-third annual meeting of the Illinois State Medical Society is in session at Chicago.

The Institute of France has made Professor Henry Augustus Rowland, physicist, of Baltimore, a corresponding member. Professor Rowland has long been well known for his researches in optics and spectroscopy.

Mme. Madeline Lemaire and Mlle. Breslau, who are serving on the jury of the salon of the Camp de Mars, are the first women who have held that position in any salon.

Detective Matt Pinkerton has sue Genoa, Ills., for $2,000, offered as a reward for the capture of a murderer five years ago.

* * *

John C. Barber, a pioneer of Plano, Ills., committed suicide by hanging.

Frank Telford of Chicago, aged 16, was killed in a freight wreck on the Illinois Central near Paxton, Ills.

The city council of Fort Dodge, Ia., raised assessments 50 per cent. Their action has been met by strong protests. The council now threatens to resign.

The Michigan board of agriculture accepted the resignation of Henry G. Reynolds, secretary of the state agricultural college, and elected I. H. Butterfield of Lapeer in his place.

Three negroes from Chicago sandbagged Martin Holzer, at Minonk, Ills., and robbed him of $30. They then tied his head up in a gunny sack. He recovered. The negroes are under arrest.

James Sandusky, a farmer living near Columbus, Ind., whose eccentricities won for him the title "Uncle Kim," committed suicide by taking strychnine.

Teamsters on the Chicago and Southwestern Midland railroad struck at Brazil, Ind., for their pay. Officials promise an early settlement of the trouble.

* * *

Jens Johanson left his wife and children in Grantsburg, Wis., and eloped with a step-daughter.

John Wilson of Mulberry, Ark., eloped with his niece, Mabel Summers. Her father followed them and shot and killed Wilson.

Marshal Brobst of Sandusdy, O., was shot in the head while attempting the arrest of a gang of tramps. Seven of the tramps are now under arrest. Brobst will recover.

Emmet Brackenridge, son of Judge Brackenridge, accidentally shot and killed himself at Fort Wayne, Ind.

The first anniversary of the great flood in the Floyd valley in Sioux City, Ia., was observed by the Knights of Pythias holding memorial seruices for G. A. Anderson who, after rescuing eighteen persons from drowning, lost his life.

Miss Birdie Kindinger, daughter of a clothier of Freeport, Ills., and George Fregate, a telegraph operator, eloped from Freeport and were married in Milwaukee.

* * *

The St. Paul will within a week put into service an entirely new outfit of parlor and sleeping cars.

The increase of population in the whole of Australia last year is placed at 85,000.

At Vernon, Mich., a hen has taken to watching over a litter of young pigs day and night.

The Wells-Fargo Express company will leave Nebraska, South Dakota and Wyoming May 30, turning over its business to the American Express company.

A native of Damascus has made application for a license to establish a brewery at Jerusalem.

A meeting of the new Illinois board of commissioners of labor has been called for next Tuesday. The meeting will be held at Springfield and was called for the purpose of selecting the officers for the board.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with **typhoid fever,** and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with **Consumption.** Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and **tonic medicine,** especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 27, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Augustin Daly's Company.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—"The Tornado."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

GLADSTONE'S FATAL COWARDICE.

Never yet in this world has anything worth having been gained by cowardice, moral or physical. Mr. Gladstone would be the greatest man of the age if, in his original formation, nature had given him a less flexible spinal column. He just falls a point or two short of actual greatness. Perhaps old age may, in part, excuse his most recent display of weakness. He yielded, without necessity, a vital point to the Tories when he stupidly accepted Sir Henry James' vicious amendment, declaring the paramount authority of the British imperial parliament over the sadly predestined Irish legislature. It was against that fatal paramount authority every great Irish parliamentary leader protested. Flood, Grattan, O'Connell, Parnell—all declared themselves unalterably opposed to it. One of Grattan's greatest speeches was founded on this protest. "Do not," said he, in effect, speaking in the Irish house of commons in 1782, "tolerate this power—the power of the British parliament over Ireland—the power which has blasted you for a century, which has wrecked your manufactures, shattered your looms, ruined your trade, and which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or in the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature or the law of God. Let it not have a duration in your minds. To be crushed as we have been by the British nation, bound by her parliament, plundered by her crown, threatened by her enemies, insulted by her "protection," while we returned thanks for her condescension, is a system of meanness and misery which has expired in our determination as I hope it has in her magnanimity. We are too near to the British nation, too much fired by her example, to be anything less than her equal. Anything less we should be her bitterest foe—an enemy to that power which smote us with her mace, and to the constitution from whose benefits we were excluded."

O'Connell, in different language, and at a later period, was equally emphatic. The British parliament—its pretensions and authority—has been the curse of the Irish nation, and will be while that authority lasts in any shape whatever. Gladstone himself said, when introducing his latest Home Rule bill, that if parliament did not pass it, Ireland would surely demand Repeal of the Union. And why not? Does any sane person pretend that the British parliament has any right, from any source, to bind the Irish people, except by the operation, which is not a right, of steel and gunpowder? If the principle of Home Rule is right, the principle of Repeal is tenfold right, for genuine Home Rule means Repeal and nothing less. As for "the golden link of the crown," it is one of those buncombe terms, which may mean anything or nothing. The Irish representatives—such as they are—have meekly assented to "imperial" control over the "imperial" part of Irish affairs shamefully displayed in jails and poorhouses—and now Gladstone's acceptance of Sir Henry James' amendment binds them to accept the imperial parliament's control over exclusively Irish affairs also. This is a solemn and cruel mockery. THE CITIZEN, which, up to that fatal acceptance, was inclined to let the Home Rule bill go its way without adverse comment, cannot be a party to indorsing the senile ductility of Gladstone's more recent policy. It is ashamed of him, and doubly ashamed of the recreant, poor-spirited Irish members, of both factions, who allowed the infatuated old man to walk complacently into the palpable Tory trap. Even the subordinate Liberal leaders were astonished, if not dismayed, at his action. Whitelaw Reid's Smalley, writing to his paper from London, last Saturday, says:

"Mr. Gladstone admitted the force of Sir Henry's arguments, as well he might. The ex-attorney-general handled the question as a jurist and a constitutional lawyer. The prime minister's own opinions and sympathies were probably with his former colleague and present opponent. It is never to be forgotten that there is a broad basis of real conservatism to Mr. Gladstone's mind. He was aware, too, of the agitation among his own followers and among his supporters outside the house.

"Moved by these two impulses he offered to introduce a clause, the framing of which was to rest with himself, after clause 32. He hoped thus to quiet the just apprehensions of the English and to persuade the Irish that imperial supremacy might still be the vague, unreal, inoperative sham they meant it to be. They were startled. Some of his own colleagues were startled—the same men who had declared in effect, though not in words, that supremacy at Westminster could only be tolerated at Dublin on condition that it will never, or seldom, be enforced. For several minutes Mr. Gladstone was surrounded by an eager and gesticulating group. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Asquith and others were evidently annoyed at their leader's offer. Sir Henry hesitated. Mr. Collings warned him that the spider was only asking the fly to walk into his parlor.

"Mr. Chamberlain, who during this session has led his own party of Liberal-Unionists, and to some extent his allies, with extraordinary ability and brilliancy, insisted that there should be no delay. He quoted Mr. Redmond and others, and of such testimony there is no lack, to show that the doctrine of 'dormant' supremacy was the means with which they meant to secure substantial independence. The government stood pledged to a real supremacy. Let them make it real. The speech stirred the house on both sides. What was remarkable was the evident approval of many Gladstonian Radicals. Mr. Gladstone saw that the moment had come when he had to choose between English support and Irish approval, and he reluctantly accepted Sir Henry James' amendment; protesting, however, that nothing further should be extorted from him. It was the first signal success the Unionists and the Union have won since the bill went into committee, and it may have far-reaching consequences. They have at last imbedded the principle of imperial supremacy in the bill itself. They will now attempt to apply it, and, by amendments to successive clauses, make sure that in practice as well as in principle the imperial parliament shall still be imperial."

The last two paragraphs of Smalley's communication show plainly the terrible misiake Gladstone has committed. Beating the Tories on amendment after amendment—jumping over mountains he has balked at a straw. If the Home Rule bill should pass with the James "rider" on its back, the Irish people ought to rend it into pieces, even if they have to begin the whole battle over again. If Parnell were only living now, what a tonic he would administer to the old, wavering premier! Either Mr. Gladstone would have to rescind his acceptance or march out of office within a week. As the case stands, Ireland is basely betrayed—not through treachery, THE CITIZEN will admit, but through inexcusable cowardice, on the part of Gladstone in the first place, and the Irish "National" members in the second.

YOUNG IRISH SENTIMENT.

A remarkably able and commonsense address was delivered by Mr. E. R. Whelan on the anniversary of the formation of the Volunteers of 1782, and of Grattan's Declaration of Independence, under the auspices of the Young Ireland League, at the rooms of the National Club, Dublin, recently. Mr. Whelan quite evidently voices the sentiments of a very large and respectable section of the younger element of the Irish people, who cannot be cajoled by half-hearted Home Rule schemes—with Tory "amendments"—out of their national birthright. Every sentiment uttered by Mr. Whelan is gospel truth, so far as the relations between England and Ireland are concerned, and THE CITIZEN has great pleasure in giving them further publicity:

Mr. Whelan reminded his hearers that Mr. Parnell more than once, in his last great fight against dictation from abroad, and traitorism at home, asked the people to remember the lesson of the Volunteers; asked them not to throw away their arms until they had secured their independence. The majority of the Irish people did not heed Mr. Parnell; they did not know the history of the Volunteers, the lessons it taught, or the warnings it gave. If they knew these things, they would not have sacrificed the man who had led them so successfully on the road to freedom. The history of the Volunteers shows that England will concede the demands of a people if these demands are backed by a force superior to England's own; it shows that England will do this with apparent good grace, boasting all the while of British justice and British magnanimity, while, at the same time, she is working underhanded to procure the downfall of her successful rival; and if she succeeds, the history of the Volunteers and its sequel the Union shows that England will treat her fallen rival, as she treated Ireland in '98, with the greatest possible tyranny. Another lesson from the Volunteer movement is that if Ireland and England should ever again stand in the same relation to each other as they did in 1782, Ireland should not treat England with the generosity with which the Volunteers treated her. The Volunteers had the power necessary to break the last link which bound Ireland to England. They should have done so. If Ireland ever in the future has the power she should not be satisfied until she severs the last link that binds this country to England. The great achievement of the Volunteers was undoubtedly the obtaining for this nation her rights of nationhood. These rights were founded on the resolutions passed at Dungannon, which demanded for Ireland legislative independence, control of the army, religious equality and freedom of trade. The British house of commons recently pledged itself to the principle of a bill which is supposed to restore to this nation her inherent right. It would be well if we would compare the two charters and you will see how far the former is superior to the lattter. But whether this be your opinion or not, one sentence of Mr. Parnell's it would be well to bear in mind: "It is impossible to limit the demands of a nation."

THE MOORE CELEBRATION.

The Moore celebration will occur at Central Music Hall this (Saturday) evening, May 27, at 8 o'clock. The musical programme, as will be seen by reference to the advertising columns, leaves nothing to be desired. The opening address will be delivered by his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, and John F. Finerty will discourse of "Moore and his Kindred Poets."

POLAND AND IRELAND.

The address delivered by Madame Modjeska, the great Polish tragedienne, before the Woman's Congress, assembled in this city, was marked by historical knowledge and an intense spirit of patriotism. Her references to the humiliations, mutilations and general misfortunes of Poland were most touching and eloquent. The tribute she paid to the faith, devotion, courage and constancy of the Polish women was not overdrawn, and when she said that Poland could not die as a nation while a Polish woman lived, her audience was thrilled to the core. This gifted woman did not fear to offend what are termed the proprieties of the occasion by dilating on the horrors that have made the Russian government and name abhorred by all lovers of liberty. We doubt if any woman, of equal eminence, representing other subject and struggling countries, could have excelled her in power and pathos. Yet, in speaking of Poland's situation—the victim of not one but three great military nations—she unconsciously presented a picture of almost political hopelessness, because the complete reconstruction of the Polish nation, as it existed before the infamous partitions, would mean, first of all, the defeat and dismemberment of Russia, Germany and Austria. The Poles who passed under the government of the two last named powers, have not suffered to the same extent as their Russian-ruled brethren, but their nationality has not been spared, while their religion has, in general, been free from persecution.

Under Russia alone have the Poles endured the worst species of political and religious persecution, but, as in former times, their revolt against the Czar would arouse the fear and jealousy of the other two partners in the great international crime which disfigured the closing portion of the eighteenth century. Hardly anything could rescue Russian Poland from the clutches of the Czar but a popular and successful uprising of the Russian people themselves against the tyranny of that potentate. Although there are in Russia many noble men and women who have striven bravely to stir the masses to insurrection, we much fear that the final struggle will be delayed much later than the probable life time of Madame Modjeska. Poland, of herself, can do little more at the present moment than hope for better days. Russia is at peace with all the great powers, and the experience of 1863-4 taught the gallant Poles that the bravest efforts of their martial race were bootless in the face of superior brute force.

Under these circumstances, it is impossible not to admire the brave spirit of the famous Polish lady who, confronted by the iron fact of superior force, still refuses to despair, and still hopes for the freedom of her country. Poland and the Poles may well be proud of such a champion.

Hapless as is the fate of Ireland—potent as is her enemy—still she is not surrounded by the hopeless conditions that environ her sister in national misfortune. She has natural frontiers. All the acts of parliament that England may pass cannot obliterate the everlasting seas that proclaim Ireland a nation. The English glutton has absorbed, under the title of Great Britain, Scotland and Wales, but Ireland stands detached, and no effort of the Russia of the West can obliterate her from the map of Europe. "The old material island," whatever political shipwreck may pursue her, can never be converted into British soil. This geographical fact, while favorable to her distinctiveness, is, in a measure, fatal to her material prosperity. While ever England holds grasp upon her, Ireland's ninety harbors will remain all but untenanted, and the smoke of Irish factories will never obscure the vision of England when she scans the western horizon.

It may be said with confidence that England's religious warfare with Ireland is at an end. Race antagonism has been somewhat modified from various causes; but the old commercial jealousy survives in all its ancient fierceness. This is why the Tories are so anxious to emasculate the projected home rule legislature, and this is why the leader of the English Whigs did not fight to the bitter end Sir Henry James' death dealing amendment. Catholic Ireland is no longer persecuted. Celtic Ireland is less often insulted. Commercial Ireland is regarded by England with feelings of suspicious rage. The war of England against Irish commerce began in dead earnest two centuries ago, and it is still consistently maintained. If the Home Rule bill is to be the creature of English sentiment in this respect, its passage would simply mean shadow not substance.

KILLELEA VERSUS DAVITT.

Mr. James Killelea, of Nashville, Tenn., a gentleman who has always been in the fore front of the fight for Ireland, has written to THE CITIZEN in regard to the condition of bankruptcy forced upon Michael Davitt because of the costs piled upon him in the North Meath contest with Pierce Mahoney. Mr. Killelea recalls the financial straits in which Mr. Parnell found himself at one period in his brilliant career, and how the Irish people here and in Ireland helped him out. They would do the same for Mr. Davitt, he says, if the record of the latter were not so full of uncharitableness toward the great dead leader. For his own part, Mr. Killelea adds, he will subscribe money to aid Mr. Davitt if that gentleman pledges himself to work for the union of the Irish party.

THE CITIZEN would respectfully call Mr. Killelea's attention to the fact that Davitt declined financial assistance from his friends in Great Britain and Ireland before he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and he would hardly be likely to accept from the American Irish what he refused from those nearer, and possibly dearer, to him. Davitt is a man of superior intellect, spoiled by egotism, and badly balanced political views. He is entirely devoid of consistency, and the services he rendered to his country in his earlier life have been sorely beclouded by his weak acceptance of a seat in the accursed British parliament. This is, in fact, the only vital blotch on Davitt's record. He was not charitable toward Parnell, but the latter, with all his great qualities, was a man quite capable of driving to fierce resentment an ambitious, self sufficient person like Michael Davitt, just as he did "Tim" Healy and others, who drove their envious daggers to the hilt in him the moment he fell from (public) moral grace. In fact, Mr. Davitt cannot be judged by ordinary standards. The best policy is to let him follow his own eccentric inclinations.

MRS. SULLIVAN ON THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

A luncheon was given in the banquet room of the Richelieu on Saturday to over one hundred distinguished Women of the World by the officers of the National Council of Women of the United States. Mrs. Sewall presided, and addresses were delivered by Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis, Mrs. Lillian Stevens, Mrs. Florence Fenwick-Miller, Mrs. Carse, Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, and several others. Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, of Chicago, was called upon to speak unexpectedly, and delivered a brilliant impromptu address, in the course of which she said:

"Had intimation that I would be called on to speak accompanied your request for my presence on this occasion I should have had the discretion to remain away. (Laughter.) For it is not quite equitable for women who have been talking a whole week suddenly to call on one who never talks at all. I fill today the unique role of being, I am informed, the only woman present who has not participated in the congress. Mine is the part of the chorus in the Greek drama that had no share in the sayings or the doings of gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, but enjoyed the privilege of talking at them, to them and about them. This role is the more fitting because, as your president has said, I belong to journalism, which is a literary form of commerce that collects, corrupts and diffuses misinformation. It was the peculiarity of the chorus in the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles to go about lamenting. Filleted of brow, clad with somber draperies, shod in depressing sandals, it exclaimed, 'Woe, woe.' So it has happened for years that whenever women's meetings were to be held, the press has been disposed to fillet its brow, mantle its shoulders in mourning and cry 'Woe, woe.' Mine, however, is not this note. At your president's request I rise as representative, not alone of the journal on whose staff I have the honor to be, but for women on the press of my city; not to lament, but to facilitate; not to bewail at you, but to rejoice with you; not to predict catastrophe in consequence of your sayings and doings, but to discern in your week's work that elevation of tone, that soundness of learning, a width of vision, a beauty of tolerance whose dignity and nobleness have been acknowledged by the entire press of Chicago, whose reports and editorial comments are monumental testimony to your success."

UNMILITARY SPIRIT OF IRISH-AMERICANS IN CHICAGO.

The bill appropriating $120,000 for militia expenses for the ensuing year passed both houses in Springfield on Tuesday, and will, no doubt, have the governor's approval. This amount provides for six regiments (one number being dropped owing to a consolidation) of state soldiery, and includes, of course, the Hibernian Rifles, of this city, not yet mustered into the service. THE CITIZEN understands that the Rifles wish to muster in with ten companies at Second Regiment armory (West Side), on June 14. They have already eight organized. Less then two hundred men would furnish the required quota. The term of service is only three years, and any man who has good cause can be discharged on application. There is no good reason why this regiment should not be recruited up to its proper strength. It is recognized as an Irish-American organization, but, of course, men of other races are eligible to membership, as they always have been in the Irish military organizations of the United States. But the regiment is, and will be, distinctively Irish-American, like the Sixty-ninth New York and the Ninth Massachusetts.

The two latter organizations reflect credit on the Irish race in this country, and the Irish-American young men of Chicago could not possibly have a better military training school than in the Hibernian Rifles—soon to be the Seventh Regiment of Illinois Infantry. "In times of peace prepare for war" is a good and patriotic maxim. It was the militia of this country that saved it from subjugation, spoliation, defeat or dismemberment in four successive epochs—1775-81; 1812-15; 1846-7-8, and 1861-5. Men who learn the art of war when peace prevails are fitted for high commands when war comes. It was the training received by Shields and Logan, and others, in the older wars that made them prominent millitary captains in the war of the rebellion.

The observer can tell, at a glance, the difference between the man with and the man without a military training, especially in the ranks of labor. Hard manual work has a tendency to stiffen the joints, stoop the shoulders and render the gait ungraceful. Confinement in large stores, in clerkly pursuits, is often more injurious to health and appearance. The laborer or the clerk who belongs to a military organization is well "set up." He holds his head correctly. His shoulder blades are in their proper place. His knees do not precede the line of his stomach when he walks. He knows what to do with his hands. His chest is expanded, and there is a "snap" to all his movements which is rarely seen in his untrained brother. THE CITIZEN is astonished that the Seventh Regiment is not filled to its capacity. No time should be lost by young Irish-Americans of Chicago in rallying to the colors of the new organization. We hope to be able to record the formal "muster in" of the Seventh before many weeks.

Recruits will be received at 95 Metropolitan Block at any reasonable time, or, on Saturday evenings, at No. 56 State street, fourth floor.

SALISBURY'S FACTIOUS BLACK-GUARDISM.

That chuckle-headed British ruffian, the Marquis of Salisbury, ex-premier of England, is on his mission of disorder in "Ulster"—that is Belfast, "and the sky over it," for outside of that benighted burg, Orangeism seems to be rather on the wane in Ireland's Black North. Nobody can be deceived by Salisbury's appeal to the Orangemen to preserve order. He advises them to "economize their strength," which means that they must silently prepare for rapine and murder should the plucked Home Rule bill pass. The following synopsis of Salisbury's remarks in Belfast, on Wednesday, has been cabled to this side of the Atlantic:

"I must confess I can see no advantage in delay or in a prolonged discussion of the Home Rule bill, which at the present rate of progress will not reach the house of lords before September, a very inconvenient date. Therefore I deem it advisable to quicken the committee stage of the bill. Nevertheless, it must not be supposed that the Unionists have any idea of amending the bill with the view of making it acceptable to the country at large. On the contrary, they only desire to exhibit to the British people the real nature of the calamities it would entail if it becomes law. Although obstruction is of little value, time is on our side. The scheme has been brought before the country by the marvellous power of a single man. Mr. Gladstone throughout his career has passed from one view to another, always yielding principles which he had previously declared to be inviolable and sacred. All sorts of 'faddists' rely upon their ability to abstract concessions from the universal yielder. No man can fight against the people, and Ulster must in the long run defeat a measure that depends upon the strength of a single man. The bill will probably pass through the committee stage, but the house of lords holds an impregnable position, representing as it does the loyalists of England and Ireland. Public opinion must be kept alive to the dangers of this imbecile bill.

"I appeal to you to economize your strength, and, above all, to do nothing in the way of disorder or riot, as any acts of violence will only give your enemies in England reason for calumniating you. The future position of Ulster must not depend upon the insane wishes of a single statesman, who desires to bring about a state of affairs that would reduce Ulster to the anarchy prevailing in Clare and Kerry, or to the slavishness of Meath. If, through faint-heartedness, superstition, or the strategy of a transient party leader, the work of three centuries should be shattered, the disgrace will be with the English people. Men of Ulster, be firm. I appeal to you to resist such a surrender, not only for your own sakes, but in order to relieve the fame of England from black and irreparable disgrace."

The meeting which Salisbury addressed was held in Ulster Hall, and three thousand yelling Orange fanatics are said to have been present. Immediately before the arrival of the titled disturber of the public peace, the cableman informs us that "Capt. Alexander Clark Kennedy, late of the Coldstream Guards, created a furore by unfurling a Union Jack, under which, he said, the Grenadiers fought at Waterloo. And under that flag, he continued, the Loyalists would fight in Ulster and he and many other officers of the British army who would assist them."

This fellow, Kennedy, is simply a blowhard. The men who fought at Waterloo, although many of them were English, were soldiers, not braggarts. Kennedy is simply an uniformed bully, and a fit supporter of Salisbury.

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR ORANGEMEN.

The Council of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce, which recently visited England to protest against the Home Rule bill, has been taken to task by an eloquent and well informed writer in the Irish national daily papers. The Council's boastfulness before English audiences is thus disposed of by the writer referred to:

"You (Ulster Tories) tell us that all your progress has been made under the Union. True! Your phenomenal progress has been made since the Union, but not in consequence of it. Your foundries, and your shipbuilding yards, and your textile industries were established before the Union. The Irish and the British parliaments combined to develop your linen trade by bounties and other exceptional legislation. The English government suppressed the woolen trade which was general throughout Ireland, but pledged itself to foster the linen trade, and kept that pledge. Your progress, then, is largely in consequence of a wrong done to the country at large two centuries ago. It is also due to the introduction of machinery, the spinning jenny, the steam engine, the early reduction of duties on flax and hemp, and especially to the firm establishment of your principal industries before the Union, when you were, as you say, 'deeply disaffected and hostile to the British empire.'

"You were always the spoilt children of the nation. When you were free your Catholic fellow-countrymen were bondsmen, and, to your shame be it spoken, you appear to be desirous of keeping them bondsmen still. You do not, or you will not, see that it was impossible for the Catholics of Ireland to establish any industries likely to become of equal importance to your own without equally favorable opportunities for inaugurating them. These opportunities they never had. During the latter portion of the last and the earlier portion of the present century their efforts were concentrated in the great struggle for emancipation. When that was won then had to agitate until they got a practical measure of home rule. When that object is attained you will neither be robbed nor massacred by your Catholic fellow countrymen. You are, we fear, too strongly prejudiced against us to accept our assurance on this point. Under the circumstances we will ask Mr. Lecky, the Unionist, to speak in our behalf. This is what he says in the second volume of his History of England in the Eighteenth Century: 'Their original conversion to Christianity was probably accompanied by less violence and bloodshed than that of any equally considerable nation in Europe; and in spite of the fearful calamities which followed the Reformation, it is a memorable fact that not a single Protestant suffered for his religion in Ireland during all the period of the Marian persecution in England. The treatment of Bedell, a Protestant prelate, during the outbreak of 1641, and the act establishing liberty of conscience, passed by the Irish parliament in 1695, in the full flush of the brief Catholic ascendancy under James II, exhibit very remarkably this aspect of the Irish character. And it

was declared in another form scarcely less vividly during the Quaker missions which began towards the close of the commonwealth and continued with little intermission for two generations. The experience of John Wesley, half a century later, was very similar, and he has more than once in his journal spoken in terms of warm appreciation of the docile and tolerant spirit he almost everywhere encountered.'

"You should remember that history repeats itself. We have no distrust nor historical jealousy for you. We know that the government of England found it advantageous to keep us divided, not for the interest of either of us, but for its own unworthy aims. If you forget that you are Irishmen and endeavor to thwart our national aspirations, you should not forget that we have a right to expose the fallaciousness of arguments which can gain you nothing, though they may be the means of depriving us of a great deal."

THE CITIZEN may add that such able arguments as the foregoing are having their effect among the sensible and thinking portion of the Protestants of Ulster. Thousands of them—notably in Londonderry—have already declared in favor of Home Rule. Others, in remote districts, have been threatened in life and property by the savage Orange banditti, but they can not be scared away from principle. In one Presbyterian church, somewhere in Tyrone, a few weeks ago, the entire congregation rose and left the edifice as a protest against the minister's attempt to get his parishioners to declare against home rule. These are, surely, healthy signs of the times—even in Ulster.

DR. LOMBARD TANNER, an Irish physician, brother of the well known Irish member of parliament, committed suicide in London, under peculiar circumstances, on the 2d inst. The Irish papers are filled with accounts of the tragedy. An attempt was made to show that the act was committed while the unfortunate deceased was laboring under an attack of temporary insanity. His brother, the member of parliament, was put upon the stand at the coroner's inquest and declared upon oath, that the suicide was in his right mind, and "knew all that life was worth" when he made away with himself. In a paper found on his person, the suicide said: "What I most need is rest, and I am so weary and tired of it all." Poor deluded fellow!

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

[*To the Editor.*]

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 14.—I trust that in the matter of the Irish Village at the Columbian Exposition, there will be no small bickering over flags. Lady Aberdeen has proved herself a genuine friend of Ireland and ought to merit the gratitude and united support of all Irishmen. We are over-sensitive on national matters, and are, I am sorry to say, intolerant of those who differ from us. If as you say there was more enthusiasm at Moore's gathering than at the opening of the Irish Village, it shows only that Irish sentiment prevails over Irish common sense. Honoring Moore's memory is laudable, although outside of his immortal melodies, Ireland had poets far above him in every sense; but he should not be made a counter attraction against the Irish Village.

The self-respect of Irish-Americans demands united support to this exhibition of her once flourishing industries. Would it not be well to designate an Irish military day on which all Irish-American soldiers could encircle that Irish Village in battalions of steel, and show the world that the military spirit of Ireland is still unconquered and unconquerable? JEREMIAH QUINN

[Mr. Quinn is mistaken if he supposes the Moore celebration to be a "counter attraction" to the Irish Village. As to "bickering about flags," the Irish flag must fly over anything pretending to be Irish, whether an Irish village or an Irish parliament. The flag symbolizes the nation, and if anybody is hurt by its display in proper places, we cannot help it. As it happens, the managers of the Irish Villages have adopted the views of THE CITIZEN, and the green and gold, with harp, sunburst and shamrock, will wave, while the Fair lasts, over the "counterfeit presentments" of Blarney and Donegal castles. We are astonished that Mr. Quin should be so faint hearted. We know a title of nobility would not stampede him as it has some others.]

MUSICALE BY MISS COFFEY'S PUPILS.

A grand musicale will be given at Methodist Church block, Clark and Washington streets, next Tuesday evening, May 30, by the pupils of Miss Kate Coffey, assisted by Mr. William Middelshulte, organist, and Mr. Adolph Rosenbecker, violinist. Tickets will be one dollar. The programme will be one of great interest.

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE.

The oratorical and elocutional contest of the students of St. Ignatius college was held Wednesday evening in Central Music Hall. The house was filled to its utmost seating capacity, even to the upper gallery. The musical features of the evening were the songs, "Happy and Light of Heart" and "Far Away the Camp Fires Burn," rendered by a choir of forty-five of the younger students, and instrumental music by the Tomaso Mandolin Orchestra.

The young orators and their subjects were as follows: "Isabella of Castile," Joseph H. Finn, class of '94; "The World's Fair—Its Lesson to Chicago," Vincent J. Walsh, '94; "The World's Columbian Exposition and Its Message," Michael V. Kannally, '94; "The World's Fair Oration," James P. Shortall, '93.

Of the elocutionists, there were five contestants, their subjects and names being as follows: "Nathaniel Hale," Richard I. Gavin, '93; "The Modern Cain," Michael F. Hallanin, '93; "Herculaneum," William J. Donoghue, '95; "An American Exile," John J. Cleary, '95; "Inkerman," Dolamore D. Henry, '95.

The board of judges consisted of Judge R. S. Tuthill, W. J. Onahan, W. H. Thorne, R. Prendergast, W. J. Hynes and D. F. Bremner. Their decision will be announced next month, on the occasion of the commencement exercises of the college.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

"G'LONG WID YOU?"

A Tale of Blarney Castle.

Related to "Dan" by his cousin "Barney," in accents too rich to be conveyed in writing.

To Blarney Castle I would go
Tho' Blarney's tow'r was hard to climb,
But since the stone was on its top
'Twas said 'twould give to me and mine
Persuasive pow'rs I'd surely go
And worship at its shrine.

A'near the Tow'r I met a maid
And she was very fair to see
And, somehow, when I gazed at her
Her blue eyes shied a look at me.

Her teeth were like to glist'ning pearls
Two red lips peeping out between,
Her glossy hair hung 'round in curls
And she was like a fairy queen.
Beside the picture that she made
No grey ould Blarney stone could vie,
And somehow as she lingered near
The Blarney tow'r seemed very high.

I asked her how to reach the stone
And if she thought its legend true;
And this she answered me—"Ochone
G'long wid you,
What should I know about that stone,
I've other work to do."

My heart stopped working on that spot;
And what I said I've now forgot,
But such a laugh as there I heard,
'Twas like the singing of a bird,
The very leaves for joy were stirred,
And 'round and 'round my brain was whirred.
At last I struggled out a word,
And she spoke back, but all I heard
Was "G'long wid you."

I didn't go, but stood stock-still:
I couldn't move if I had will,
I didn't leave that spot until—
But what I know I'll never tell,
Except that all went very well:
'Tis true she never bade me stay
But, somehow, hearts will have their way,
And hers and mine arranged the plan
And there's to be a groom's "best man."
Her name is it you ask? 'Tis "Nan."
There's luck in leisure boy, ochone,
Don't hurry your way to the Blarney Stone.

MARAH.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$1,613 20
Collected by Thomas Markey from Div. 29, A.O.H., Pullman, Ill.	45 50
Collected by Capt. J. C. Carroll of the Hibernian Rifles, Pullman, Ill.	37 00

The following amounts have been subscribed by members of Division No. 29, A.O.H., of Pullman, Ill.:

J. J. Galvin	$5 00	Patrick Draine	50
John McElligot	1 00	Bernard O'Neil	50
John Burns	1 00	Lawrence McNulty	50
John McGraw	1 00	James Garity	50
Wm. McClutchy	1 00	Michael Brogan	50
J. McKenna	1 00	Hugh Kilacky	50
Hugh Brogan	1 00	P. O'Shea	1 00
David Leahy	1 00	O. McKeown	1 00
Michael Fitzgerald	1 00	S. Haines	1 00
Phillip J. O'Reilly	1 00	J. Cahill	50
John O'Reilly	1 00	Tim Donovan	50
Edward Rafferty	50	M. J. Conroy	1 00
Thomas Davy	50	Thos. Kinsella	50
Peter J. Tully	50	John Haskins	1 00
James Connelly	50	Thomas Markey	1 00
Michael Shelly	50	James Kennedy	1 00
Michael Finneran	50	James Patton	1 00
William Ivers	50	Denny Mahoney	1 00
Timothy O Leary	50	John Keys	1 00
Thomas Johnston	50	James Harry	1 00
William Cunningham	50	Hugh Henderson	1 00
Wm. Morgan	50	Anthony Brogan	50
Thomas Ryan	50	Simon Hickey	50
Jeremiah McGraw	1 00	William Mullen	1 00
John Nolan	5 00	Total	$45 50

Collected by Capt. W. J. Carroll, of the Hibernian Rifles, Pullman, Ills.:

Thomas McGreavy	$5 00	Chas. Mullaly	1 00
Patrick Keyes	5 00	Philip Curran	1 00
Sullivan & Lamb	5 00	Patrick Mullen	1 00
Thos. McDonald	2 00	Michael Johnston	50
Thos. O'Donovan	1 00	Patrick Flynn	50
Patrick Hayes	1 00	John Burke	1 00
Wm. J. Cassidy	1 00	Thos. McMahon	1 00
James Langan	1 00	Martin Powers	2 00
Thos. O'Donnell	1 00	Sam Wilkinson	1 00
Wm. Sweeney	1 00	M. J. McNulty	1 00
W. J. Carroll	1 00	John Leonard	1 00
Chas. McGuinness	1 00		
John Kane	1 00	Total	$37 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ills.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES CONVENTION.

The annual convention of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county will meet in Fitzgerald's Hall, Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday afternoon, June 18, at 3 o'clock sharp, for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual Irish National Demonstration, to be held at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15; and also to elect officers for the ensuing year. Each qualified Irish-American society, desirous of participating, is entitled to three delegates.

JOHN F. FINERTY, Pres't.
JOHN DOWLING, Sec'y.

The vast facilities of the J. C. Ayer Co., of Lowell, Mass., enable them to place the Superior Blood-purifier—Ayer's Sarsaparilla—within easy reach of the poorest invalid. Don't be induced to take a "cheap" substitute. Always remember that the best is the cheapest.

PERSONAL.

The report of the executive committee of the Inter-continental Railway Commission mentions several times the excellent work done in the course of the very important surveys by Mr. Wm. J. O'Connell, the topographer of the second corps of engineers. This corps is surveying the country from Quito, Ecuador, northward through Columbia, to the Isthmus of Panama. Mr. O'Connell is one of our young Irish-American engineers. He is well known in Washington, D. C., where his father, Mr. J. D. O'Connell, has for years been an official of the Bureau of Statistics.—*Irish-American.*

THE BILL IN COMMITTEE.

[*United Ireland, May 13.*]

The real parliamentary fight over the Home Rule bill began on Monday, when the English house of connons entered upon the discussion of its details. Mr. Chamberlain made the first move, by endeavoring to postpone the consideration of the clauses from 1 to 9, with the object of drawing from the government a statement of their intention with reference to the constitution of the imperial parliament itself, with which the latter clause specifically deals. Mr. Gladstone met the point by declaring that the first question to determine was whether they should, or should not, establish a local legislature for Ireland. When that had been determined, he said, the time would have arrived for dealing with the question of its composition and of its relation to the composition of the imperial parliament. Mr. Chamberlain was wiped out by a majority of 57; and the house proceeded to consider Mr. Darling's amendment to clause 1, providing that the supremacy of the imperial parliament should be specifically stated in the bill itself. Mr. Gladstone replied to Mr. Darling's arguments by saying that the amendment was nothing but a preamble, the only difference between it and the preamble of the government being that while the former was a preamble only to a particular clause, the latter was the preamble to the whole measure. Mr. Balfour admitted that he had been told on high legal authority that, as the bill stood, the supremacy of the imperial parliament would not be interfered with. Yet he supported the amendment—because "the people who would have to interpret this act might, or might not, be competent lawyers," and because, if they left the supremacy of the imperial parliament unmentioned in the bill, "it might be urged that the imperial parliament could not with propriety interfere in Ireland any more than it could interfere in Canada or Australia." Nor could it—"with propriety." Mr. Balfour and his friends are no doubt anxious to insert clauses in the measure which will enable the parliament in London to keep constantly nagging at the parliament in Dublin, so that there may in the end be a rupture between them, and another "last conquest;" but we are glad to see that the common sense of the English Liberals disapproved of the proposal.

The amendment was defeated by the substantial majority of 52. On Tuesday there was a somewhat similar proposal by Mr. Bartley, but it was a deal blunter than Mr. Darling's. Mr. Bartley moved that the Irish legislature should be specifically called a "subordinate" one, "with the view of testing the sincerity of the government on the question of the supremacy of parliament." Mr. Gladstone naturally resented this direct questioning of the bona fides of himself and his colleagues; and the amendment was defeated—by a majority however, of only 35, owing to a trick played by the Tories. Then Mr. William Redmond moved that the Irish house should be called a parliament, not a legislature. The government opposed the proposal. Mr. Gladstone declaring that it would not be wise to make the alteration, and that the Irish and English houses should not have the same name. Mr. Morley defended the opposition to the amendment by asserting that while nothing would be gained by it for Ireland, the government were asked, "for the mere purpose of satisfying sentiments which they respected, to awaken jealousies, and to arouse susceptibilities, which would undoubtedly make the progress of their policy more difficult." We do not like that phrase of Mr. Morley's about awakening jealousies and arousing susceptibilities. He knows—or ought to know—that such an attitude will be entirely lost on Irish Unionists. Indeed, later on in the debate Sir Edward Clarke told him plainly that if he thought that by calling an Irish assembly a legislature instead of a parliament "they would allay the fears of the Protestant portion of the Unionists of Ireland," he made a great mistake.

We trust Mr. Morley will not take up so weak a position again during the discussion. The amendment was supported only by forty, including the Parnellites, and some Radicals and Conservatives. The Federationists voted with the government. What is their explanation? They say that if they had not voted for the government, the government would have been defeated; for that the Tories were prepared to vote either way. But we cannot accept such a statement in face of the fact that during the debate Sir Edward Clarke, one of the leaders of the Unionist party, declared that "the opposition would support the government in rejecting the amendment." Yet, as we learn from the "London Letter" of the *Freeman*, the Federationists would have preferred the word "parliament." And does it come to this, that the risk of defeat in committee—which cannot possibly endanger the position of the government—is to stand in the way of any amendment to the Home Rule bill? The excuse is absurd, and could be accepted only by illiterate peasants. The incident is not a particularly important one in itself, but it shows that the country can not depend on the anti-Parnellite members to fight for the rights and privileges the country claims. As to the question of imperial supremacy, Mr. Redmond has, time and again, expressed the views of the Independent party. We shall look to him and his colleagues to endeavor to embody in the bill the principle, that while the English parliament has an inalienable right to supremacy, it should not interfere with the parliament of Ireland while that parliament observes the conditions of the present constitutional compact.

Memorial Resolutions.

At the last regular meeting of St. Thomas Court, No. 15, Catholic Order of Foresters, resolutions on the death of Mr. Patrick Farley were adopted as follows:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our ranks our beloved brother, Patrick Farley; while bowing in submission to His divine will it is but natural that she should mourn his loss.

Resolved, That his bereaved widow and family be extended our heartfelt sympathy, and that we recommend them to our blessed Lord in their hour of trial. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother, and same placed on the minutes of this court; also published in THE CITIZEN and the *New World*.

Signed: William Ryan, D. Gleeson, James Mott, committee.

FRENCH VERSION OF "WEARING OF THE GREEN."

The Rev. Father Fitzgerald, of Boston, has thus skilfully translated "The Shamrock; or, Wearing of the Green," into French:

Paddy, sais-tu la nouvelle?
Voila partout ce qu'on dit.
Par une loi cruelle
Le Shamrock est interdit;
A luila defense est faite,
De croitre ici. Quel malheur!
St. Patrice a sa fete
Ne verra plus sa couleur.

Nappy Tandy cher bon homme
Me recontrant en chemin,
M'a questionne, voici comme
En me prenant par le main,
Que devient la pauvre Irelande;
Alors moi j'ai repondu
Sa douleur est bien grande
Pour le vert on est perdu.

Si la couleur rouge et celle
Qu'il nous faut porter—tu sais
Cette couleur rapelle
Le sang qu' Erin a verse;
Le Shamrock feuille divine.
De nos chapeaux est arrache
Reprendra mioux racine
Si depuis on a marche.

Quand de parla loi l'Irelande,
Ne verra plus resplendir,
L'emeraude en plate-bande,
Ni les arbres reverdir.
Alors je prendrai le rouge,
Qui chez nous n'est pas souffert,
Jusquo-la je ne bouge,
Et je conserve le vert.

—*Dublin Weekly Freeman.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

Catholic Library Musicale.

The fourteenth informal reception and musicale of the Union Catholic Library Association was given at the club rooms, No. 91 Dearborn street, Thursday evening of last week. There was an exceptionally large attendance. The following was most acceptably rendered:

Piano Solo.....Selected
Miss Caroline Heller.
Paper—"The Poetry of Science".....
.....Mr. John E. Groves
Soprano Solo—"Erin is My Home"...By Request
Mrs. C. H. Bailey.
Baritone Solo—"Taken In Tow"...Fredk. Bevans
Mr. James Felix O'Connor.
Vocal Trio—"Ave Maria".....Abt
Mrs. M. E. Cunningham, Miss Alice Coffey and Mrs. Fannie Corcoran.
Piano Solo—"The Last Smile".....Mollenhaupt
Miss Caroline Heller.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER, if you're a weak or ailing woman:—that there's only one medicine so sure to help you that it can be *guaranteed*. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In building up overworked, feeble, delicate women, or in any "female complaint" or weakness, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a safe and certain remedy for woman's ills and ailments. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

Nothing else can be as cheap. With this, you pay only for the *good* you get.

1779. 1893.

HONOR TOM MOORE!

The 114th Anniversary of the Birth of

IRELAND'S GREAT POET,

—AND—

One of the Greatest Poets Produced by Any Nation,

Will Be Celebrated by a Musical and Literary Festival at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS, ON

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27, '93.

The proceeds will be devoted to the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to Thomas Moore in this city.

PROGRAMME:

1. Organ Solo, Fantasie, Moore's Melodies.....
Mr. William Middelschulte.
2. Opening Address, by the Chairman.....
Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan.
3. Baritone Solo, "O, Where's the Slave So Lowly".....Moore
Mr. M. J. Murphy.
4. Soprano Solo, "Erin, the Tear and the Smile".....Moore
Mrs. Maude Wells.
5. Harp Solo, "Last Rose of Summer".....Moore
Mrs. Clara Murray.
6. Baritone Solo, "Believe Me if All".....Moore
Mr. Edward J. Quinlan.
7. Contralto Solo, "Meeting of the Waters".....Moore
Miss Alice Coffey.
8. Gaelic Version of "The Bard's Legacy".....Archbishop McHale
Mr. James M. Corrigan.
9. Contralto Solo, "The Harp That Once".....Moore
Miss Kate Coffey.
10. Address, "Moore and his Kindred Poets,"
Mr. John F. Finerty.
11. Tenor Solo, "The Minstrel Boy".....Moore
Mr. John J. Wynne.
12. Harp Solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen".....
Mrs. Clara Murray.
13. Recitation, "The Battle of Fontenoy".....Dowling
Mr. John Lane O'Connor.
14. Baritone Solo, "Night Closed Around".....Moore
Mr. M. J. Murphy.
15. Quartette, Selection.....Moore
Mrs. Maude Wells, Miss Alice Coffey, Mr. John J. Wynne, Mr. E. J. Quinlan.
16. Closing Ode.....
Mr. M. J. Murphy.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Reserved Seats, Parquette and Circle.....$1.00
Dress Circle.....75 Cents
Balcony.....50 Cents

Boxes, First Floor, $7.00; Dress Circle, $5.00; Balcony, $4.00. Box office will be open for the sale of Reserved Seats on Monday, May 22, and up to the evening of the entertainment.

BERNARD CURTIS, Chairman and Treasurer. WILLIAM C. McCLURE, Secretary.

JAMES J. EGAN, P. McHUGH,
F. D. KINSELLA, PATRICK O'CONNOR,
JOHN F. FINERTY, GEORGE B. HENNESSY,
M. J. KEANE, Committee of Arrangements.

HENRY N. STOLTENBERG,
Attorney-at-Law,
ROOM 809 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,
112 CLARK STREET
CHICAGO.
FORMERLY WITH WINDES & SULLIVAN.

SHOURDS & KASPER,
STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.
Dealers in Diamonds,
AMERICAN WATCHES
AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.
Established 1860. Open Evenings

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC BOX.

Your heart is a music box, dearest,
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody, sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand.
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break.
Then, oh! be the rarest hickey mine.
Its fairylike whispers to wake!
And there's one little tune it can play
That I fancy all others above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins and ends with "I love—I love,"
It begins and ends with "I love."
—Robert F. Roden in Vogue.

"MICKLE MOUTH."

The feuds of the Scottish clans are a proverbial part and parcel of the history of Scotland. When not at war with England, the Scotch have delighted to pick some petty quarrel with each other, and the occasion has often been too trifling to mention in history, while the consequences have often risen to matters of deep and sometimes fatal importance. But underneath all this some comic characteristic of the nation has peeped out, some ill concealed craft or cunning or close handed thrift indicative of the canny Scotsman, and which belong to no other people in such excess as to those of the "border."

One of these feuds, now existing only in traditionary lore, lay between the Scotts and Murrays, and at one time it seemed only too probable that the representative of the former clan would meet a disgraceful death at the hands of the chief of the latter.

Sir Gideon Murray, the laird of Elibank, was a chosen favorite of King James VI, who afterward bestowed upon him the office of deputy treasurer of Scotland. The laird was an honest, upright man, but subject to fits of passion, which, however, seldom lasted long and in the end rarely did anybody any harm. His wife was a careful, painstaking woman, a good wife and mother, and in her youth must have been esteemed a fair specimen of Scotch beauty.

At the age of 50, the time of which we write, she was still bright and blooming, her fair, yellowish hair still untouched by the frosts of time, and her good natured smile displaying teeth of the purest white, without thanks to the dentist, even had his art flourished at that period.

The good dame was very fond of brilliant colors, and besides the endless variety of tartans with which she decked herself—wearing not only her husband's colors, but those of her mother's family and of her own maiden name—she enhanced the effect by numberless pink, bright red or corn colored cap ribbons, so that the good gentlewoman gave the appearance of a flower garden.

Good looking as the lady of Elibank incontestably was, no one could say as much for the three daughters, who were the sole heirs of Sir Gideon, all his sons having, to his great disappointment, died in infancy. We may, however, except one as being tolerably pretty. Of these daughters, Ailie, the eldest, was a red haired, freckle faced lassie, large and awkward, with the dullest of all blue eyes, "like pewter buttons drappit in a crock o' white butter," the lads said.

The second, Jean, was a prim, bony, old maidish woman, still and quiet, hardly speaking the day through, except to warn her sisters that they were talking too loudly.

The youngest daughter was fair and well formed and as merry and sunny as the day is long, but in spite of a pair of bright blue eyes and a straight nose her face was made homely by a mouth so wide and thick lipped that she was known from her earliest childhood by the sobriquet of "Mickle Mouthed Meg" all over Elibank town, and indeed wherever the laird and his family were known. No one was more sensible of her looks than Meg herself. She declared that she was afraid to gape or even sing, lest her head should be divided into two parts—and she often expressed a hope that in heaven she would not be recognized by her mouth.

This sunny disposition was everything to the Murray family. It softened the asperities of poor Jean, whose youth had suffered a sad disappointment, and it made amends by its kindness for the thoughtless and awkward rudeness of Ailie. It covered over the absurdities of Lady Murray's costume, and it was more than an even match for the laird's passionate temper, subduing it by softness only, as the horse tamer rules his fiery subjects. Yet the good and amiable Scottish maiden was invariably called by her uninviting nickname, and the young lairds never toasted the neighboring beauties without bringing in "Mickle Mouthed Meg" as a foil to the loveliness of their own charmers.

Meg had her own admirers. The gardener's lame boy from his armchair by the window, and his little table loaded with books and pictures, cakes and fruits, the gift of Margaret Murray, never failed to hail her coming as that of his guardian angel, and old, decrepit Sawny Macintire, the schoolmaster of Elibank when Sir Gideon was a young man, could never be made to think that Meg was not a perfect beauty, and when he had exhausted every old Latin epithet upon the child of his former pupil and the youths continued to laugh disdainfully at the amplitude of her mouth Sawny would say, "Hech, sirs! but the lassie's heart is as muckle as a hail regiment of such as your ain."

Meg had just entered her twenty-fifth year when her father came home suddenly from the next town, where he had been on business, and alarmed the family with the news that he had heard. Young William Scott, the son of Scott of Harden, was already making large incursions upon lands belonging to the laird of Elibank, and his depredations were made in open defiance of all law, and in a manner worthy of the most lawless freebooter. At least such was the story heard by the laird and by him believed true.

To sound the alarm among the laird's retainers, to summon the whole clan of Murray and to defeat the marauders through superior force was the old knight's easy task. Another seemed coming upon him to execute, which after the heat of passion and the flush of victory should be over would perhaps load his whole life with unavailing remorse.

Young Scott of Harden was taken prisoner and brought to Elibank town, where he was confined in a room in Sir Gideon's own castle until lawful measures could be taken to punish him. Having deposited his prisoner in safety, the knight of Elibank betook himself to the presence of his lady to report his deeds of martial prowess in rescuing a flock of sheep from the clutches of the borderers.

Magnificent in a new headdress, decorated with purple thistles and enormous white lilies, Lady Murray heard her husband's boast of his warlike deeds and congratulated him warmly upon preserving his mutton from the mouths which it was never intended to supply. Still she knew Scott of Harden, and she could not help feeling sorry that so fine a young man should have been mixed up with such an affair.

"What are ye gaen to do wi' him, Elibank?" she asked.

"Do wi' him?" asked the laird, with an expression more nearly resembling scorn than she had ever seen him wear. "Do wi' him? What he deserves. I took him red hand, in the very act of violence and plunder. I will bring him to the gallows, where he belongs, and I wish his whole train had but one neck, so that I could stretch them all at once."

"Hoot, na, Elibank—that is no so wise as ye are betimes. Scott of Harden is a winsome young laird. Would ye hang such as he when ye ha' three ill faured dochters in the house?"

The laird looked at his wife with a half angry, half foolish look.

"You were ever quicker to think of anything than I, Grizel," he said, softening down at the new aspect of things that presented itself through her words. "You are right," he continued after a pause in which he seemed to be weighing the question of having a border thief, as he had called the young Scott, for a son-in-law; "you are right, Grizel, my bonny woman; he shall take Mickle Mouthed Meg for his wife or strap for it. Meg is not so well favored as her mother, but she is far too good for Scott of Harden."

And the laird of Elibank actually went to his prisoner and offered him life and liberty and the hand of his daughter.

Scott of Harden had too often heard the three Elibank damsels made the subject of mirth among the young lairds of his acquaintance to relish the thought of marrying one of them and being thereby subject to such ridicule as he knew must attach to him, and he quietly rejected Sir Gideon's proposal in as few words as possible.

The laird of Elibank was powerful in his position of favorite at court, the prisoner had his life at his option, and he obstinately refused to profit by it. So on a day when all nature seemed to rejoice in the glory of its Creator, when sky and sea and earth were all arrayed in beauty and it seemed happiness enough to exist, the young and handsome laird was led out to die. An ugly, creeping sensation came over him as he in imagination felt the rope about his neck, but he was brave and had that strong determination that is born of obstinacy, and he kept on his way, with a highlander well armed keeping fast hold of him on each side.

Young Harden had no such thought. Just before they reached the public square, where the hateful gibbet was erected, the procession had to pass the castle of Elibank, as Sir Gordon loved to designate the old hall in which his ancestors had lived two centuries ago. It had a tower and parapet, it is true, and the knight loved to keep a horde of retainers, but his mansion hardly attained to the dignity of castellated grandeur, and its general designation was simply Elibank hall. Past Elibank Hall therefore the dismal troop wended its slow march, The prisoner involuntarily cast his eyes upward when close upon it, and in a moment the tide of feeling in his whole being rushed lifeward.

At a window of Elibank Hall, in the upper portion of the house, sat a lady, whose repeated applications of her handkerchief to her eyes betrayed that she was weeping. She seemed to have gone up thither to escape observation, the lower windows and balconies of the house being crowded with people assembled to see the winsome laird of Harden dragged to execution. Far above these thronging witnesses the prisoner's eye was raised, and his glance took in a form and face that but for a single fault would have been considered perfect. Gentleness and goodness sat enthroned in the face, and the throat, neck and shoulders were such as a sculptor might delight in copying. Only the mouth was too wide, but the lips were full, rich and rose red, and the mouth was redeemed from ugliness by the beautiful expression of mute sorrow that lingered around it.

At such a moment this expression of sympathy was more and dearer to him who was about to lay down his life than the most perfect beauty that the world ever saw. A moment more and their eyes met. As if entirely abandoned to her feelings, the lady at the window suddenly arose, leaned from the narrow sill and stretched out her arms as if entreating him to come back to life and to her. Impelled by a sentiment unknown before, the prisoner threw up his white, emaciated hands toward her, as if answering her signal.

Before the procession had half gone by Margaret Murray was in her father's library, whither he had gone to remain alone until the sad scene should be over. Already he had buried every particle of enmity against the poor youth. Already he would have given worlds to hold him back to life. To weigh this young man's existence—his bright, free, glad life—against that of a few sheep! He felt that he was guilty of murder, and when poor Meg came in with streaming eyes and knelt at his feet begging him to go to him once more for her sake he could not refuse to heed her.

Sir Gideon was large and unwieldy, and the morning was warm. He hurried as fast as possible, the streams of perspiration on his face attesting to his exertions. Meg watched him, and her heart failed her. She knew the hour that was to witness the fatal deed, and it only wanted a few minutes.

Would he get there in time? Oh, the agony of a moment on which the life of a human being turns! Her father was scarcely out of sight when the hour struck from the tower of Elibank kirk.

"Too late! too late!" cried poor Margaret, and she went back to her chamber to avoid seeing any of the curious multitude who, on account of her father's connection with the affair, had congregated at Elibank Hall.

Weeping and fatigue—for Margaret had not rested for a whole week, so excited had she been—had worn her down so that only the last straw was needed to put the finishing stroke to her life. Fortunately she fainted and forgot in insensibility the trial she had undergone.

She awoke with father, mother and sisters around her bed, each striving to do something for her recovery. Even the precise Jean had been weeping, and Margaret thought it was perhaps as much for the poor young laird's death as for herself that Jean wept. She wondered to see her father look so calm with a man's death resting upon his conscience.

But she had revived, was prepared to brave the worst news she could hear, and which it would seem that all were unwilling to tell her, for, one by one, they all slipped out and left her alone with her father.

"Poor lassie!" said he, more tenderly than he was wont to speak to his children, "it has been hard upon you to bear this. I only did what I thought was right, and you must try to forgive me for the shame I brought upon you in being refused"——

"Say no more about it, father. I would have been glad indeed to have purchased that young man's life at the expense of tenfold the disappointment or shame as you call it. I do not call it so, for surely any man has a right to refuse a homely, ill looking lassie as your Maggie, with her thick lips and wide mouth. But, oh, father! you will, I fear, see this day's sad sight forever before you. I am fain to shut my ain een lest I should see him before me. And father, he was a man well worth looking at and saving. It was hard to see him going to his death, but I pity you more than I do him."

"When you have said your say, just leave off, will you, Meg? You are evidently a little wandering in your wits, and as there is a doctor in the next room I think I will call him in."

He rose and went out before she could remonstrate, and when he returned he brought in a gentleman whom in the dusk she did not recognize.

"This is the person who called forth your tears today, lassie," said the laird of Elibank roughly, but not unkindly. "He may do more toward your recovery than I can, so I will leave you together." And looking steadily through the gathering gloom Margaret saw that the figure which stood beside her couch was the same that had walked between the two highland guards in that sad procession of the morning.

What passed between them is one of the secrets of the past. But one thing we know, that the laird of Harden and Margaret Murray were married in Elibank kirk as soon as the bans had been published the usual time. Farther, too, we know that the marriage proved happy beyond the ordinary lot of mortals.

What was better than all was that the long cherished feud between the Scotts and Murrays was entirely at an end from this time. The father and son-in-law became fast friends, and such was the confidence which the laird of Elibank placed in Scott of Harden that when he was obliged to leave Scotland he left him in the management of all his affairs.

Acting as his representative, too, he carried 500 of the clan of Scott to the assistance of Johnstone at the bloody battle of Dryffe Sands.

As the lady of Harden, Margaret Murray was soon unknown by the title which fools had given her. The full, red lips always disclosed the sweetest of smiles, and her husband, proud of her sterling worth and virtue and feelingly alive to the love which she had conceived for him in what he once considered his death hour, never ceased to repay that love by an affection as fond and tender as her own—affection such as stretches pigmies into height and shortens giants into ordinary mortals and converts the homeliest face into the face of an angel.—J. C. Spaulding in Romance.

Early Purchases of the Indians.

Captain West, in the year 1610, bought the present site of Richmond for "some copper." The Dutch governor, Minuit, bought the whole of Manhattan island, the present site of the city of New York, "for 60 Dutch gilders, some of them being of a doubtful metal." Lord Baltimore's company bought thousands of acres of fine lands for less than that number of glass beads, including the site of the city of Christiana, "for which was paid one iron kettle of the bigness of five quarts or thereabouts."

Roger Williams bought Rhode Island, "Little Rhody," for "40 fathoms of white beads, strung." It has only been 255 years this spring since the site of New Haven was bought for "12 coats of English cloth; 12 spoons of mixed metal, 12 hoes, 12 hatchets, 12 porringers, 24 knives and some French knives and spoons."—St. Louis Republic.

Saving at the Spigot.

Husband—You'll have to discharge Dinah and do the cooking yourself.

Wife—Mercy on us! Are you losing your money?

Husband—No, but I'm losing my health.

Wife—Oh, I see.

Husband—Yes. The doctor says I eat too much.—New York Weekly.

One Way of Looking at It.

Brown—Robinson is rather hard upon you. He says you have about as much sense as a yaller dog.

Jones—Did he? Quite flattering, I'm sure. Robinson is just crazy over dogs, you know.—Boston Transcript.

CATCHING A TARPON.

A BALTIMORE DIVINE'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

A Day's Fishing In Florida Waters and What It Means to a Northerner Who Has Been Accustomed to Trolling In Placid Ponds and Babbling Brooks.

"We ought to turn in early tonight, for we must be up by 6." * * * (Those stars mean stars in Florida, for we did not have a cloudy night.) Six o'clock, and the sun is well up and mocking birds singing. Breakfast over, with rods and reels and gaffs and lunch we walk down the pier to the Minnie, a 22-foot catboat with a rousing sail.

"Where's the bait, Johnnie?"

"It's coming," said Johnnie, pointing to a flat bottomed dickey carrying a dirty leg-of-mutton sail and a jib. In the craft was Charlie Brown, who was soon alongside with eight mullets weighing a pound or more apiece.

"Dat's all I could get, boss."

Now for Buttonwood harbor! The wind is east, as it was every morning, and going our way, which sounds very fine. But sailing with wind is no joke under a Florida sun. You use up the breeze with your own motion and there's not a ghost of shadow from the sail.

"Here we are," and as we come about over goes the anchor, down comes the sail, and we are off in the dickey for tarpon! The bay is almost landlocked—hemmed in with pines and palmettos to the water's edge—the roar of the surf on the gulf side of the Key filling the air near the middle of the bay. We anchor in an immense pool or pocket made by two arms of sand bar that nearly meet, showing purple and orange through the water. Through the channel that makes between the tarpons come to feed—if they do.

"Johnnie, give me a head." "And I'll take a tail." A half pound of mullet goes on each hook, and a good cast lands the bait 80 feet away.

Now settle down. Patience and hope are the words.

Watch the pelicans and cormorants fishing and the mullet jumping out of the water; eat oranges, rig a hand line and catch shiners and grunts, tell stories, decide what we would do if—if.

A school of porpoises comes puffing into the bay—a good sign. Ha! there goes a line paying quietly off the reel.

"Pay out! Give him all he wants." Whir! Away he goes! "In with your lines, fellow! Up anchor, Johnnie!"

But he doesn't jump. It's a shark. There's nothing to do but work him until you can get him on a short line. Now he is within 20 feet of the boat. "Hang on! Let him part the line! We've no time to waste on sharks!" Snap! The line breaks. A new snood is tied on, and we are soon back on the old grounds, anchor down and the line out.

"Let's eat lunch. I believe in the law of indirection and an unwatched pot." No sooner said than done. Yes, and in more senses than one, for we hadn't eaten a dozen mouthfuls before my line began to play out—first slowly, then faster and faster. "In with your lines! Up anchor!"

Faster goes the line. "Tarpon!" For out of the water 150 feet away leaps a fish 6 feet long—a mass of gleaming silver—in a shower of spray, shaking his head like a horse.

"Row harder, Johnnie; he is getting too much line!" Out he comes again and again, three straight leaps. I gain some slack on him. He's heading for the boat. "Back, Johnnie, back!" I get in a hundred feet of line, and he breaks again clear out of the water not 50 feet away and is off like a cannon ball, and now it is nip and tuck for an hour and a half, rowing against him or rowing after him as he goes off, irresistibly taking the line in spite of everything; now working him hard on a short line, and now letting up for a second as he comes swiftly to the surface and breaks, shaking his head in a rage and lashing the water into a foam. It is hard work. Every muscle stiff, arms aching, thumbs cramped from pressing the apron on the reel. We get him into shallow water.

"Have the gaff ready!"

No—not this time. Some other time, for the tarpon decided to go back into deep water, and there was no stopping him. This performance was gone through a dozen times. But at last, and we have been miles and miles around the bay, we got him in three feet of water and up to the boat—the gaff is in him—a tremendous flurry, and Johnnie is in the water with a shark hook, and the fight is over.

Now cut a palmetto leaf, for, lashed to the peak, it is the most highly prized and significant pennon that floats in those waters. It means a tarpon, and the dock will be full of people long before we are in hailing distance. The sail home seemed very short. The congratulations were mightily pleasing.

"You are in great luck. Only one has been landed so far this season."

It did seem too good to be true, but there he lay—6 feet 3 inches long, weighing 113 pounds, and every inch and ounce a "silver king."—Baltimore American.

The Way People Sit.

It is one thing to have a chair and another to know how to sit on it. The ideal of a graceful sitting posture has varied in the different ages of the world. The Egyptians sat bolt upright, the knees and feet closely pressed together. It was the ceremonial attitude. The Greeks and Romans, when their seats had no backs and they were at liberty to forget their dignity, sat stooping, with one or both elbows supported by the arms. The Chinese ideal was the knees and feet wide apart. They have maintained that attitude in sitting for 4,000 years. The Saxons and early Norman kings are represented in old manuscripts and on coins in the same position. Down to a date comparatively recent kings and queens received sitting stiffly on their thrones, any marked change of posture being thought to derogate from the royal dignity. They now receive standing.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Bringing Bills In Parliament.

The time honored process of bringing in bills is thus described by the author of "A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament:"

The speaker, holding in his hand a long list of notices given the day before, calls the names of the members in succession. "Mr. Murphy!" calls the speaker. Mr. Murphy raises his hat, whereupon the speaker says, "The question is that leave be given to bring in a bill to"—and he reads a description of the bill of which Mr. Murphy has given notice.

"Who is prepared to bring in this bill?" asks the speaker. Then Mr. Murphy rises and reads out the names of members who indorse his bill, and the speaker goes on to the next on the list.

As the speaker approaches the end of the list members who are to bring in bills struggle for places at the bar of the house. The speaker calls on the member whose name heads the list. He makes his way through the throng at the bar and advances toward the clerk's table, holding a piece of folded foolscap in his hand.

This is understood to be the bill he is bringing in, but there is nothing within but a blank sheet, elaborately indorsed on the outside with the title. The text of the measure will be deposited in the bill office at some future convenient date.

The clerk, carefully concealing his knowledge of the fiction, respectfully takes charge of "the bill," recites its title—which is the first reading of the bill—and then asks, "Second reading?"

"Eighth of May," says the member. "Bill read second time 8th of May," says the clerk. "Read second time 8th of May," echoes the speaker, and the member disappears behind the speaker's chair, and so on through the hundred.

Forcing Early Spring Lambs.

The propagation of spring lambs is one of the most interesting responses to the fastidious palate of these later days. Early strawberries, forced peaches, young asparagus and spring chickens are as nothing compared to the involved processes that have produced spring lamb. This has come about only within the past 10 years and is the result of continuous and ingenious experiment. Before this time spring lamb could not be found in the market until the middle of March, nor easily accessible until the 1st of May. Spring lamb now comes garlanded with Christmas holly. Last year one solitary lambkin helped to celebrate Thanksgiving and was almost without price.

The annual Christmas yield of spring lambs in town is about 20. They are then eating distinctly precious, each lambkin selling for at least $15. In January they become more common, and in February a whole lamb can be bought for $6 or $7. The spring lamb is 2 months old when he is served at table. He has passed his brief life in a warm stall and is fed only on his mother's milk. He has had his little run for a constitutional on the clean floor, but exercise is discouraged that might make his flesh coarse or harden his muscles. He is kept as clean as a baby and is groomed like a Skye terrier. When his appointed hour is come, no sacrificial offering could be in finer condition, morally or physically. —Springfield Union.

The Condition of Liberia.

Liberia's independence was declared in 1847. The republic is peopled with liberated slaves from the United States and their descendants, natives of Africa who have had the advantage of 200 years' contact with civilization. These people are called Liberians. There being no manufactures in the country, everything must be imported. The exports are the natural products, to which may be added coffee, a very fine article being easily raised. The government offices are precisely like those of the United States. As the national treasury is empty, the currency is unfortunately worthless, so that English money is used as available on the steamers.

The feeling of liberty and freedom prevails so that it would be difficult for the people to come under monarchical rule, although that is only a question of time in the opinion of many. If the United States does not come to the protection of her daughter, England, Germany and France all stand ready to grasp the little republic. Whether this would be more favorable to the development of the country and the elevation of the people remains to be seen. It would certainly be the learning of many hard lessons by the nation.—Cor. Goldthwaite's Magazine.

Discoveries In the Last Thirty Years.

When the story of the nineteenth century is written, it will be found that it is chiefly in the last third that the most astonishing steps forward have been taken, the first portion showing rather the laying of foundations for progress than marked features of the thing itself.

It is not alone telephone and telegraph and electricity harnessed in a hundred forms to the use of man, but earth itself has joined with air and all subtle forces to yield, from hitherto unknown resources, a myriad aids to easier living.

Petroleum began it, and in the search for oil many another mystery disclosed itself. It was plain that earth held in hiding not only many a form of light, heat and color, but purifying agents, thus far known only to the working chemist, and first and chief among these came borax, till the beginning of the present generation rare and costly, and used only by blacksmiths in welding steel and occasionally in medicine.—Epicure.

The Effect of the Thermometer.

It was a very hot day, and grandpa made repeated visits to the piazza to note the state of the thermometer. Little Helen always trudged along with him and listened very attentively when grandpa explained to her about the thermometer. Late in the afternoon grandpa said, "Well, it has gone down; it is a shade cooler." A few moments later Helen said to grandma, "It's surprising, grandma, how cool it is since that fermometer went down."—Youth's Companion.

LAST OF A STRANGE PILGRIM BAND.

A Maine Woman In Jaffa Awaiting Christ's Second Coming.

An interesting story came to the surface at Friday's midweek meeting at the old Stone church. The Hon. George H. Ely related an incident of woman's faith that came under his notice during a recent trip through the Holy Land. In company with four or five tourists, Mr. Ely was seated on a piazza of a hotel in Jaffa when his attention was attracted to half a dozen boys playing in the street below. All but one of the boys had swarthy complexions characteristic of the country, and the one exception was light complexioned, with perfect Caucasian features.

"That boy," said one of the gentlemen, "looks to me as though he belonged to the streets of New York instead of Jaffa." Their interest in the little fellow was aroused to such an extent that they went down to inquire, and to their surprise he spoke a little English. He said he lived with his mother a short distance up the street, and the party, including Mr. Ely, walked up street and entered the woman's house, which proved to be a hovel of the worst kind. They addressed her in English, and she was beside herself with joy to hear her native tongue spoken, and to their utter astonishment she told them that her home is in Maine.

"Maine, my good woman! What in the world are you doing here?" asked one of the party.

The woman then explained that many years since a number of men and women in the Maine village she came from were carried away with the idea that the second coming of Christ was near at hand, and that when he does come he will first appear in Palestine. A colony scraped up all their savings of years, and with their families they emigrated to Jaffa to be on hand when Jesus appears.

"Do they all live here?" was asked.

"They did," she replied, "but some of them, discouraged and tired of waiting, went back to America, the rest died, and I am here all alone with my boy."

"And how do you support yourself?"

"By washing for strangers, and I have a hard time doing it. Some weeks all I can do is to keep from starvation."

One of the men told the woman that Jaffa was no place for her and advised her to go back to America with her boy, give him a good American education and bring him up as an American citizen, but the woman simply smiled at the suggestion.

Returning to the hotel, the gentlemen, all of whom were well to do, figured out the cost of sending the woman and her boy back to her native village in Maine, made up a purse and threw in enough for incidental expenses and spending money. This done, they offered her the money—and a good round sum it was—but she absolutely refused to touch a penny of it.

"This is quite a temptation," she said, "but I came here to await the second coming of Christ, and I intend to remain here until he comes, unless I die first."

That was her ultimatum, and no amount of argument could dissuade her from her course.—Cleveland World.

Tastes of Tobacco Users.

"One can almost tell what section of the country a man comes from," said a well known cigar man who has lived in Washington, last night, "by the kind of tobacco he uses, both chewing and smoking. Take westerners first. They want a very sweet plug tobacco and will have nothing else.

"Plain granulated American leaf is what they smoke. The middle states man—the individual from Illinois, Ohio and Indiana—will take nothing but fine cut in which the natural taste of the weed has been preserved.

"There, too, they are patterning after the epicures of the east and the north, and for their smoke they demand the fragrant aroma of Havana tobacco. If their purses will not allow such a luxury, plain American leaf is good enough. Then for the north.

"Of course both Boston and New York are cosmopolitan cities, where everything, from old Virginia dogtail in corncob pipes and the dudeens of Ireland to the finest imported cigars and cigarettes, are consumed by the thousands of pounds. There is practically no individual taste in the metropolis. Everything goes.

"In the southern states the leaf pure is the only thing used, no matter to what purpose the weed may be put. If in plug, you will find only natural leaves. Of course all kinds and qualities of tobacco are manufactured in the south, but all the born and bred southerners ask for is purity."—Richmond State.

A Girl Victim of Hydrocephalus.

Quite a freak of human nature passed through the Union depot last night. The creature was similar in deformity to "Big Head Willie," the St. Louis newsboy. In this instance, however, the large head reposed on the thin and slender frame of an 11-year-old girl. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Vick, who were on their way from Peiroe City, Mo., to Cookville, Tenn. Four other children accompanied them, all healthy and strong. Nellie, the unfortunate girl, was the first born and has been in her present condition since birth. She is unable to hold her unusually large head erect and must be carried in her father's arms. Her head measures 36 inches in circumference and is as round as a ball. The length from the chin to the forehead is 12 inches. The neck is thin and in proportion to her body. The child has been treated for dropsy of the brain by scores of doctors. She speaks the English language fluently and can sing well. The child's body is poorly developed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chaperons In Boston.

George—I hear there is a movement in Boston to do away with the chaperon.

Jack—Do you mean to say that they have ever had chaperons in Boston?

"Oh, yes, plenty of them."

"What do they do?"

"Well, they keep the fires going, fill the hot water bottles, thaw out frozen ears, and so on."—New York Weekly.

Fighting In the Transvaal.

A novel method of knocking out an enemy's brains is described by a gentleman who was camping some years ago in the Transvaal. Everything had been made snug for the night, and before turning in he was sitting with some of his companions about the fire. Soon an altercation sprang up between two of his attendants, a Mashoana and Makololo, who were standing not far off. The object of discussion was a piece of meat they were broiling.

One word led to another, writes the traveler, till both men became extremely angry, and although I did not understand they were doubtless using the choicest billingsgate that they could command. At length both rushed to the wagon. My servant whispered in my ear, "Assegai, boss!" so I sprang up to prevent them from obtaining these weapons, of which an abundant supply was fastened on the outside.

Frustrated in their attempt to arm themselves, they rushed upon each other. I would have interfered but that my countryman quietly said, "Let them fight it out, or you will have no peace." I let them do so.

Immediately they clasped each other and commenced butting their heads together like a pair of sheep. The blows were terrific and sounded almost as loud as a well executed clap of the hands. There was no attempt at boxing, only butting, and so effectually was it performed that blood began to flow from both of the antagonists' noses. After a lapse of five minutes employed in this kind of exciting work both sat down to recover breath in order to renew the encounter.

Then I interfered, and about half an hour later I saw the combatants sitting at the same fire and chatting to each other most cordially, as if the recent fight had no place even in their memories.

Odors as Motors.

It is reported that ammonia is to furnish the coming street car motor. Now, the chemists may not admit it, but it is evident enough to laymen that ammonia is just a smell. A big, strong smell, to be sure, and able to work, but still a smell. Is it not immensely clever to have harnessed so elusive a thing and make it go on wheels? It is nature's own way. When there is an ablebodied effluvium anywhere, it is a sure sign that she is busy with something and has provided energy which very likely needs supervision.

Nature is enormously effectual, but she will not work for man unless he makes her. She discriminates, but her point of view is not man's. She is a wonderful scavenger, but she is just as ready to carry off a live baby as a dead horse. Everybody knows her method of cleaning the streets. The more colossal the odor the harder she is at it. It is not our way, or ought not to be if it is. It is a glad thought that now that some one has found out how to put smells to work we may hope that presently the filth in city streets can just be geared to a proper apparatus and made to carry itself away.

Soon it may come to pass that the farmers will plow their land with the smell of the phosphates they use to fertilize it, and the musk that the girl wears on her handkerchief at the theater will be taught to hold her hat instead of being, as now, a mere idle vanity and an offense to her neighbor.—Harper's Weekly.

How Billiards Were Invented.

The English are very fond of the curious game of billiards, and a letter has been discovered in the British museum which gives the origin of the national sport. It was invented by a London pawnbroker, whose name was William Kew. Kew not only lent money, but he sold cloth, and for the latter purpose had a yard measure, with which he used to compute the amounts. One day to distract himself he took the three round balls which are the emblems of his trade—they may still be seen in front of certain shops in London—and placing them on his counter began to hit them about with the yard measure.

He found it made a pretty game. He got a kind of skill in making one ball glance off the other, and his friends who saw him thus employed called the game Bill's yard. It was soon shortened into billiards. But the yardstick was the instrument with which the balls were knocked about, and difficulty arose as to what to call it. They called it after the name of the pawnbroker—a Kew.—Paris Figaro.

Asleep While Standing.

On one of the rainy days recently an unfortunate tramp received a great deal of attention from the passersby along Park row. He was a complete and unique specimen of his kind. He was standing against a building fast asleep. The drizzle that was falling blew into his face, and he was growing wet and presumably cold, but there he stood straight up, sound asleep, with his back against the stone wall. His head would droop, and those watching him thought he would fall down, or that his head would be jerked from his shoulders, but when his head almost touched his left shoulder he would straighten up slowly in his sleep and keep it in position for a few minutes. Finally so many small boys gathered around him that the murmur of their voices awakened him, and with a look of disgust at those who had disturbed his slumbers he slowly meandered to some Bowery lodging house to finish his nap.—New York Times.

Rather Too Much of a Good Thing.

When J. Whitcomb Riley walked brusquely into a Baltimore hotel the other night and asked for a room, the clerk called up "Front" with a marked case of strabismus and told him to show the gentleman to 13.

"Not me," announced the Hoosier poet. "Not me. You can't shoot double barreled ill luck at me in that style. I'll have no cross eyed boy showing me to room 13. I'm not superstitious, but just give me a room with a different number and furnish a pilot with parallel eyes," and he had his way.—Detroit Free Press.

Journalism In Japan.

Journalism in Japan appears to be surrounded by some stern restrictions, the desirability of abolishing or amending which has lately been occupying the attention of the Japanese parliament. In Europe when newspapers offend against the law fines are inflicted on the editor, writer, printer or publisher, as the case may be. But in Japan it appears that the journalists begin by paying a fine, though the amount may possibly be returned to them in course of time, for that is the practical result of depositing sums of money with the authorities varying from 350 to 1,000 yen yearly as evidence of good faith. If fines are inflicted at any rate of less than the amount of the deposit, there can be no question of nonpayment.

A motion was made to abolish this deposit, as also the power of the government to suspend a paper which published anything calculated to disturb the public peace, but the right of suspension was retained by 81 votes to 48, and as to the desirability of demanding the security the house was unanimous. It was explained that the house felt the necessity of keeping some check on "irresponsible agitators unfit to wield journalistic influence," and there is a good deal to be said for the contention. "Women's rights" advocates will be extremely offended at one amendment which was accepted. No woman is allowed to become an editor or publisher in Japan.—Londard Standard.

Causes of Russian Influence In Asia.

A policy led by humanitarian principles, or dictated in accordance with the taste and exigencies of a free and constitutional nation, is a sign of weakness in eastern eyes, and the English, who twice evacuated Afghanistan, without being obliged to do so, are looked upon by the Asiatic either as fools or as a nation incapable to lend sufficient power to its will. There is another fact which should not be overlooked in our comparison of England's conquests in Asia with those of her northern rival.

The exploits of the British armies on the Indian peninsula have become very little known in the Mohammedan world, for the good Moslems are in general ignorant about their coreligionists in India, but the Russian victories, trumpeted in all directions, have become the subject of bazaar gossip in the most distant regions of the east.

The fame of Russian valor having been flashed abroad it is natural that the Mohammedans, overawed, should turn their eyes toward the so called invincible enemy. Their admiration increased the more they heard of the affable and friendly manners and customs of the Russians, of whom it is said that they do not betray pride and haughtiness like the commonality of unbelievers and that there are many points of resemblance between them and the Mohammedans. There really is some truth in those assertions.—Vambery in National Review.

A Smoke Burning Furnace.

The agitation against the smoky furnaces of many of the large cities of the country has resulted in a large number of patented grates, steam jets and other devices to obviate the evil. One of the simplest of these has been designed by the chief engineer of the Rookery building at Chicago. The electric, elevator and heating plants in this large structure are necessarily of considerable size, and the boiler plant has been producing an objectionable amount of smoke. To prevent this smoke Mr. W. C. D. Gillespie, the engineer in charge, has built a furnace which has a large number of orifices in front of and over the grate. When coal is first thrown on the grates, air is allowed to have access to the flames until it is seen through a small peephole that the lightest products of combustion have been burned off.

Then one hole after another is closed until just the proper number remain open to feed the necessary amount of air to the flames. A furnace of this type has been in use for several months and is reported to have given perfect satisfaction. The use of peepholes enables the firemen to watch the character of the flame at all times, and the airholes enable more air to be admitted as soon as any smoke appears.—Exchange.

Japanese Women and Sorrow.

However often I have witnessed the death of dear relations—children, for instance, or husbands—I never had occasion to observe the wringing of hands to which European women of the lower classes are so much addicted. A bitter sorrow was expressed through deep sinking of the head, grasping the hands together shedding of tears. That strong mental agony which digs into the soul, so to speak, and takes hold of it like a bodily pain seems to be unknown to them. They never "turn to heaven their faces bathed in tears," an action which to us seems not only natural and in perfect accord with the essence of grief, but is considered as beautiful and as a worthy subject of artistic representation.

In prayers the Japanese mother does not lift her eyes to heaven. With bent head, the body somewhat shrunk together, with hands put together by the palms and slightly raised to the level of the chin, she sends her humble prayer, for quite concrete things, you may be sure, to Buddha.—"Geographico-Medical Studies."

The Basis of Colorado Wealth.

The total revenue from mining in 1891 was $33,500,000. And yet the Denver chamber of commerce estimates the income from agriculture at $40,000,000, derived from the cultivation of 2,000,000 acres of land. If the value of the live stock were added as a farm product, the sum would be increased by at least $15,000,000—a wonderful showing for so new a state.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

A Giant English Oak.

"Winfarthing oak," according to reliable testimony, was 700 years old at the time of the conquest. William is said to have surveyed it closely before making his famous remark, "Could I live to be but one-fourth the age of this tree the world would be mine."—St. Louis Republic.

Ayer's Pills

the
best remedy
for Constipation,
Jaundice, Headache,
Biliousness, and
Dyspepsia,

Easy to Take

sure
to cure
all disorders
of the Stomach,
Liver, and
Bowels.

Every Dose Effective

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Hemely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 88 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3625 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 530 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; Wm. McNamara, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 3rd Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finarty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4326 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Hensly, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 320 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3512 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3754 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Meinerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V-P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 23 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo U Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 52 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 283 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 W nthrop place; John W Twomey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr E Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 185 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Daniel H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Elder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 359 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3335 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm J. O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 37349 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 1508 Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J B O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Class st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Heintzeger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 42d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, C Ransom; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 92 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James V Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 46th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

Selling Thermometers.

While talking of his experiences at Old Point Comfort, Chauncey M. Depew told this story:

"At Fort Monroe it was necessary to have an equable temperature in my wife's room. To accomplish that result I went to the store for a thermometer, and the enterprising proprietor placed six on the counter. They all marked a different temperature, and between the highest and lowest was a difference of 10 degrees. 'Great Scott! my friend,' I said, 'with these I shall never know whether it is necessary to leave the window open or to build a fire.' Bound to make a sale, the proprietor said, 'Well, Mr. Depew, suppose you take them all over and try them and keep the one that suits the best.'"—New York Sun.

Frank O'Brien, a section hand living at Bloomington, has been awarded damages of $3,500 against the Chicago and Alton railway for the loss of a hand in a collision.

Gerdian Bathrick, on trial at Pontiac, Mich., for the murder of his father, was found guilty of manslaughter.

* * *

Meissonier's grand painting, "The Etcher," has been sold at auction at Paris for $54,000.

The Woman's club of Milwaukee offers $500 to the Wisconsin woman sending to World's fair the most meritorious work in painting or sculpture.

"Brick" Pomeroy is 60 years of age. Twenty-five years ago his writings were read all over the country. He is now interested in railroad schemes in Colorado.

John Roberson, 40 years of age, while drunk, laid down on a railroad track near Joliet to sleep and an early morning train killed him.

C. C. Beaman, ex-secretary Evarts' law partner, is the largest landholder and taxpayer in Cornish, N. H.

The body of Clayton L. Williamson was found in a mill race at Grand Rapids. He is believed to have been murdered.

The Duke of Cambridge is the only member of the English royal family, not excluding her majesty, who does not pay postage, he being exempted as commander-in-chief.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by 'The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.60.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $33.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $2.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature because you can buy a genuine "P S B" in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U S assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.75. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SIXTY-SECOND AND SIXTY-THIRD-STS.
Opposite World's Fair

NOW OPEN.

EVERY DAY, RAIN OR SHINE,
SUNDAY INCLUDED,
at 3 and 8:30 p. m.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.

The 3 to All.

VOTED A WORLD-BEATER.

Hon. W. F. CODY

18,000 Seats. Covered Grand Stand. Herds of Buffalo, Wild Steers and Bucking Broncbos.

Alley L, Illinois Central, Suburban and World's Fair Specials, Grip, Electric and Horse Cars all stop within 8 feet of the entrances.

Admission.....50 Cents
Children under 10 years.....25 Cents
A Good Meal at Restaurant, 50 cents.

CHICAGO FURNITURE CO.
FURNITURE CARPETS STOVES ETC.
233 & 239 S. HALSTED ST.

$12.50. $12.50.

Cash or Easy Payments.
All Household Goods.
237 & 239 SOUTH HALSTED ST.
OPEN EVENINGS.

JOHN T. O'CONNELL,
88 Washington-st, Chicago.
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.
BUILDING LOANS A SPECIALTY.
Special Attention Given to the Interests of Non-Residents.

FURNITURE,
Stoves, Carpets, Parlor Goods.
HENRY STUCKART,
2517 and 2519 Archer-av.

AGENTS $50 to $100—A WEEK. Ladies or Gents. Best seller known. Needed in every house, place of business or farm in the land. Sample free. Write quick. Mention this paper. Address Chicago Machine Knitting Machine Co., 163 State-st., Chicago, Ill.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3230, New York City, N. Y.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice, that the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased, will apply to the Probate Court of Cook County, at the next June term thereof, to be holden at the court house, in Chicago, in said county, on the third Monday of June, 1893, next, for leave to compound or sell all the desperate claims, debts, and demands whatsoever due the estate of said Andrew Walsh, deceased, which accrued in his lifetime.

CHRISTOPHER KELLY,
MICHAEL McNERNY,
Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased.
Dated Chicago, May 17, 1893.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1893. The Drovers' National Bank of the Union Stock Yards, a corporation, &c., vs. John H. Bani, Margaret Bani, Anton Wollweber, Patrick A. Turner, Julia Turner and the International Building, Loan and Investment Union of Chicago, Margaret Bani, widow, and the unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased. In Chancery. No. 108,616.

Notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of complaint, amended bill of complaint and its supplemental bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

Business Directory.

JOHN BEEGAN,
Hatter and Parade Furnisher.
Supplies all kinds of Uniform Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges, Banners, Flags, Supplies.
228 S. Halsted-st., Chicago. Telephone 1092.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING
The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper,
208 South Halsted-st., near Van Buren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

Attorneys.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916 Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st, Chicago. Telephone 931.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BEIRNE, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
349 W. Harrison St.,
Orders Called For and Delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for imported Dilflk.
113 Erie-st, corner Market, Chicago.

Milk Depots.

PETER KEENAN'S
Milk Depot,
142 West Monroe-st.
Pure Country Milk and Butter. Approved by City Inspectors.

GLASS! GLASS!

Kinsella Glass Company
207 S. CANAL-ST., CHICAGO.

Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental Glass, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

SPECIAL
EASY PAYMENTS.
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE.
Dress Goods, Cloaks and Shawls. Gents' and Boys' Suits and Overcoats. Furniture, Carpets, Pianos and Organs.
JAMES T. CLARKE,
MANAGER.
134 EAST VAN BUREN STREET,
Room 321. Omaha Building.
S. E. Cor. Pacific-av. and Van Buren-st.

AUSTIN J. KILKENNY,
Wholesale and Retail
HAY, GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED DEALER,
4937 SOUTH HALSTED-ST,
CHICAGO.
Prompt Delivery. Car Lots a Specialty.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC CATHOLIC man of business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply, with references, to BENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 & 38 Barclay St., New York.

MEN WANTED Every county to distribute circulars (Office, 215 Fulton-st., Corner Nassau-st., ANTHONY & CO., New York City)

"Campania"
"Lucania"
The New Twin Screw Steamships.
620 ft Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 Horse-Power.

Positively the Largest and Most Magnificent Steamers in the World.

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,

and others, averaging over 510 feet long, 7,500 tons, and 14,000 horse-power; the whole comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

Two and three sailings weekly (including Boston Steamers), forming a service unequalled by any line now in existence.

Tickets to and from all the principal English, Irish, Scotch, Scandinavian, and Finnish ports at rates as low as by any first-class passenger line.

The character, record, and general reputation of this Line for Speed, Comfort, and Safety—having never lost a passenger during the 53 years of its existence, needs no comment.

Average time: a little over six days.
Fastest time: 5 days, 22 hours, 7 minutes.

F. G. WHITING,
Manager West. Dep't.
131 Randolph-St., Chicago.

H. R. EAGLE

AFTER-DINNER
JAVA COFFEE,
25 CENTS PER LB.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
70 WABASH-AV.

READ
"THE CITIZEN"
Published and Edited by
JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

It entered on the Twelfth Year of publication on Saturday, January 7, 1893, with a complete new outfit.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

Terms of Subscription: Club rates, individually, $2 per year. Single subscriptions, $2.50 per year, Payable in Advance.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?
SEXTON THE TEA MAN
20-22 STATE STREET.
Branches { 60 CHICAGO AV. 280 BLUE ISLAND AV.

C MONEY, $20 for 1: $50 for 2: $100 for 3: $200 for 5: $500 for 10: $1,200 for $20. Address P. O. Box D, Huntington, N. Y.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE.
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet 10,000 Tons, 5 days, 18 hours, 8 min.	TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons, 582 Feet, 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.
BRITANNIC, 7 days, 6 hours, 52 min.	GERMANIC, 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.
ADRIATIC.	CELTIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
64 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

FREE PORTRAITS AND FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our enlarged life-like portraits (together with frame complete), ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN GOOD FAITH, and we will forfeit ONE HUNDRED dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame FREE as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photos so have no fear of losing it. Address all your letters to Brooklyn Art Union, 627 Marcy Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: all banks and Express Co's. in New York and Brooklyn.

Put your name and address back of photos.

P. H. Heffron.
RICHELIEU WINE CO.
(INCORPORATED)
WHISKIES
IN BOND OR TAX PAID
IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS
74 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge. We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice. Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,
Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.
134 WEST MADISON STREET.
Open Evenings and Sundays.

$300 to be paid for distributing circulars in your county by our big advertising bureau. Write quick. Mention this paper. ADVERTISING BUREAU, 16 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST
BREWING COMPANY'S
BOTTLED BEER.
Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE,
CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS
HERMAN PABST, Manager.
Sold Everywhere. Try It.

CONRAD SEIPP
Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.
PILSENER BEER.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ
Brewing Company,
MILWAUKEE.
Represented by
Edward G. Uihlein,
Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.

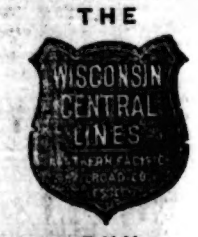
KEELEY
Brewing Co.
MALTSTERS
AND
Lager Beer Brewers,
TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.
CHICAGO, ILL.

M'AVOY
BREWING COMPANY,
2349 South Park Av.
Pure Lager Beer.
Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres.
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.
Telephone 8257.

COOKE
Brewing Co.,
Foot of 27th St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.
Telephone 8298.

THE


RUN

Fast Trains with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Couches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Fast Trains with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Couches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room, and Tourist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash.

Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. Ainslie, General Manager, Chicago, Ill.
J. M. Hannaford, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. Barlow, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.
John Naghten & Co,
AGENTS
VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF RICHMOND, VA.
181 LaSalle-st, Chicago
Telephone 523.

WANTED—A PUSHING MAN TO COLLECT and canvass; $12 a week and commission. Apply to Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 3100 State-st. THOS. F. BARRY, Supt.

AMERICAN LINE
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS,
THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London
EVERY SATURDAY.
The shortest and most convenient route to London. Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.
Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.
INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
GENERAL AGENTS 32 CLARK ST., CHICAGO
FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass Ag't.

No Cure. No Pay!
DR. KEAN
THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.
Established 1864.
159 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.